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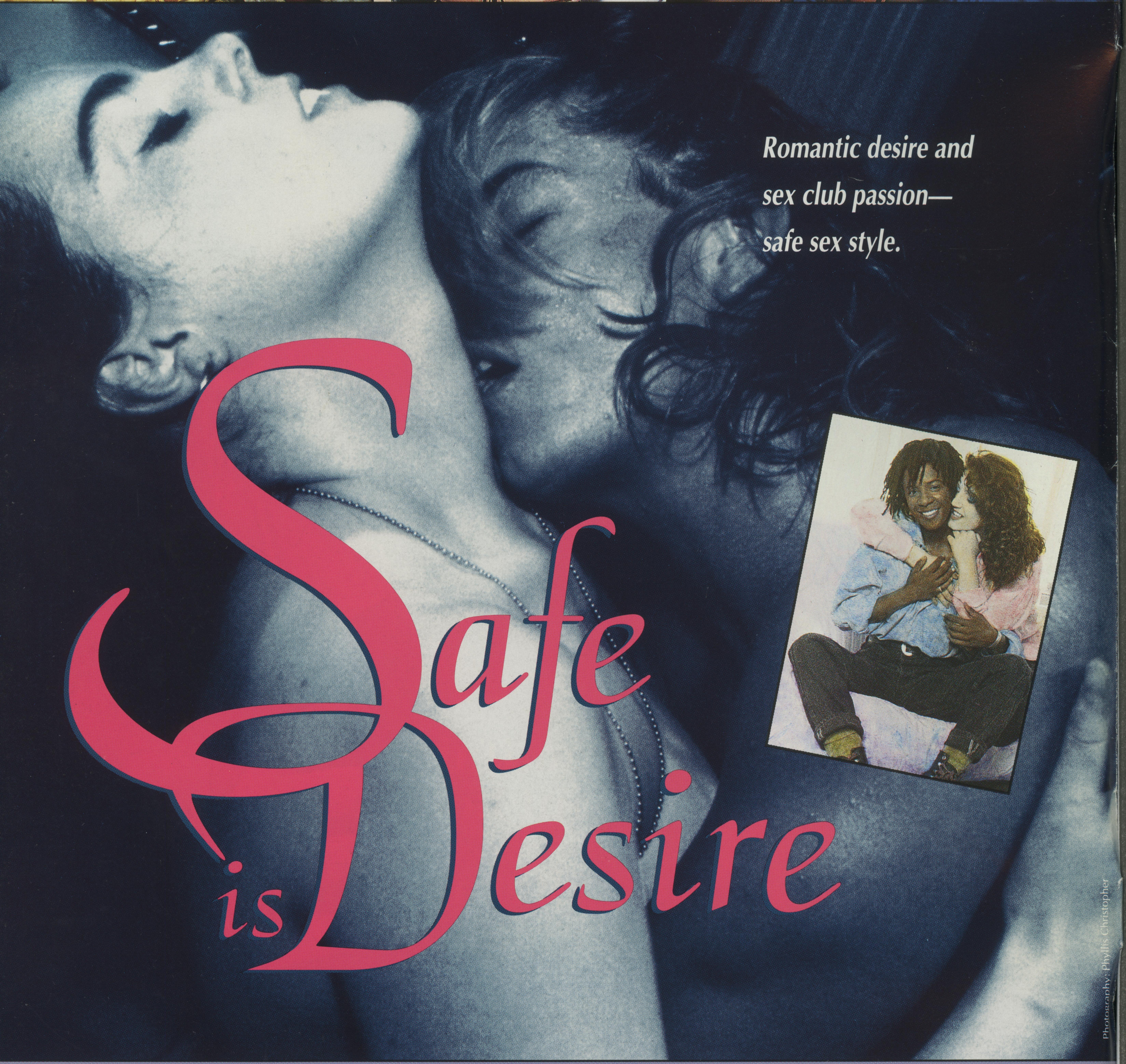

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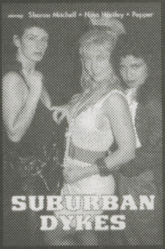
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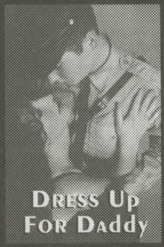
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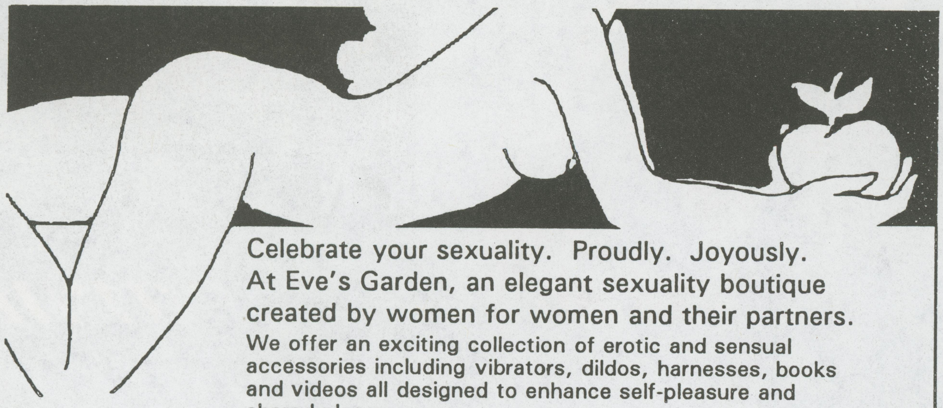

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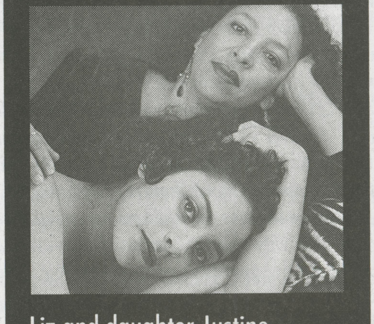


Liz and daughter Justine
Photographer: Sabrina Brennan

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NOE

The ed at our staff retreat

As far as sex is concerned, the lesbian baby boom was a bust. Hundreds of books and articles have come out in the last decade on lesbian motherhood. But hardly anybody has been talking about the ins and outs (and I mean that literally) of sex for dykes with kids. By dedicating an entire issue to this topic, once again OOB will boldly go where no man has gone before. And we'll go even further by exploring (in Trish Thomas' interview with the 1994 winner of San Francisco's Dyke Mommy contest, and Judith Halberstam's review of queer mommies in film) the place of Mom in our lesbian sexual imaginations.

Combining a healthy sex life with motherhood is not just a lesbian problem. For women in general, no models exist for horny mothers—just think of Western culture's most mammoth maternal icon, the Virgin Mary, who got prego without doing the nasty! It's outrageous! For lesbians, though (as our fab assistant editor Diane Anderson's feature will tell you), the problem is much, much worse. Take last year's Sharon Bottoms case, for example. It was sex, lesbian sex, that caused Sharon Bottoms to lose her son. The state wrested custody from Bottoms not primarily because she is a lesbian, but because she violated Virginia's anti-sodomy law by making love to her girlfriend. *Think about it! The message to lesbians is clear: be a mom or a sexual person. If you mix the two, you'll lose your kids and your life as you know it.*

In hopes of representing dyke moms as sexy beings ("as whole people" in the words of our cover mamma model—right on, Liz), both of this issue's short stories feature pre- and post-partum lesbians. All of our hot models in this month's pictorials are pregnant babes, or hail from queer families. Putting the wild thing back into alternative insemination is the focus of Gail Martin's Sexpoint this month, and we dedicated our review pages to queer parenting and children's books.

Two closing notes about censorship and the thorny question of incest. As you'll see, Ms. Dyke Mommy Tina has plenty of incestuous play on her agenda. Many of OOB's readers have survived incest in their own lives, and may object to seeing it eroticized. We strongly believe, though, that fantasies like Tina's are very different from the ugly reality of mother/daughter abuse. (The S/M dykes at OOB remind me, moreover, that lots of lesbians who have survived incest find healing in consensual mommy or daddy play.) Be ready, then, for some kinky discipline by the self-professed mommy from hell.

As for censorship: we would have loved to put a family, in all their naked glory, on the cover for you. But we—and our obscenity lawyer—struggled over the question of whether or not we dared print simple mother/child portraits to accompany Diane's feature. Obviously, OOB is not interested in—nor are we in favor of—child pornography. As always, though, we found our creativity severely cramped by laws that are supposed to "protect," yet serve only to suppress. Fuck you, Edwin Meese.

Heather Findlay

CONTRIBUTORS

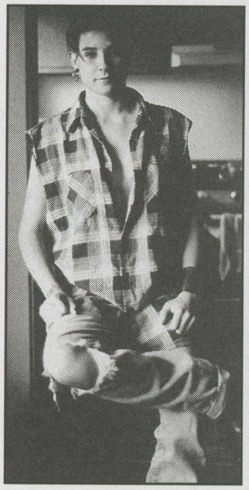
Suzy Minshall is a California-based creative consultant, who plans to raise goats, pigs and rugrats as soon as her writer wife gets pregnant.

Rachel Heath lives in Atlanta, Georgia. She reads everything from science to true crime. She loves to lie in bed listening to the radio (amongst other things).

Sabrina Brennan is a photographer and frustrated writer, who is wondering if film school is the answer.

Jennifer Camper is still cartooning in New York City. One of her cartoon postcards was recently seized by the U.S. Post Office and declared a "lewd, lascivious, filthy, vile, or indecent thing." Ms. Camper is tickeled pink.

Suzy Minshall


Amy Marquez

Amy Marquez is a Native American photographer looking for other Native American women to photograph. Any interested models can contact her in care of *On Our Backs*.

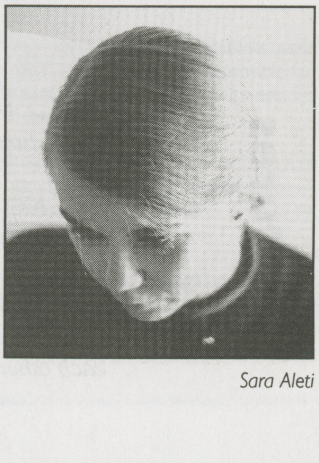
Katherine Gleason writes for the *Philadelphia Gay News*. She works in publishing, is single, and runs a lesbian film series at the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center in Manhattan.

Latina cover model **Liz Ibarra** has owned a vintage jewelry and clothing store in Oakland, Calif. for 14 years, the last six in partnership with her lover Sandra. Her 22-year-old daughter **Justine Moore** is a ballet and salsa dancer who has worked with her mother since she was 15. She's currently studying voice and looking towards performing in the future.

Trish Thomas is a fairly studly white trash bar dyke, mother and grandmother who writes the way she talks. Her work has appeared in *Future Sex*, *San Francisco Weekly* and *The Best American Erotica* 1993 (Macmillan). Her short story, "Wunna My Fantasies," was the focus of the *Bad Attitude*/Glad Day Bookshop censorship trial in Toronto, Canada.

Michael Wilder Read is an unscrupulous photographer noted for his unnatural attraction to swollen flesh. Illegally blind since birth, Read makes his living in San Francisco by pressing various buttons.

Sara Aletti owns a small New York based public relations firm. She's old enough to wish she were younger, but not too old to enjoy good, horny sex.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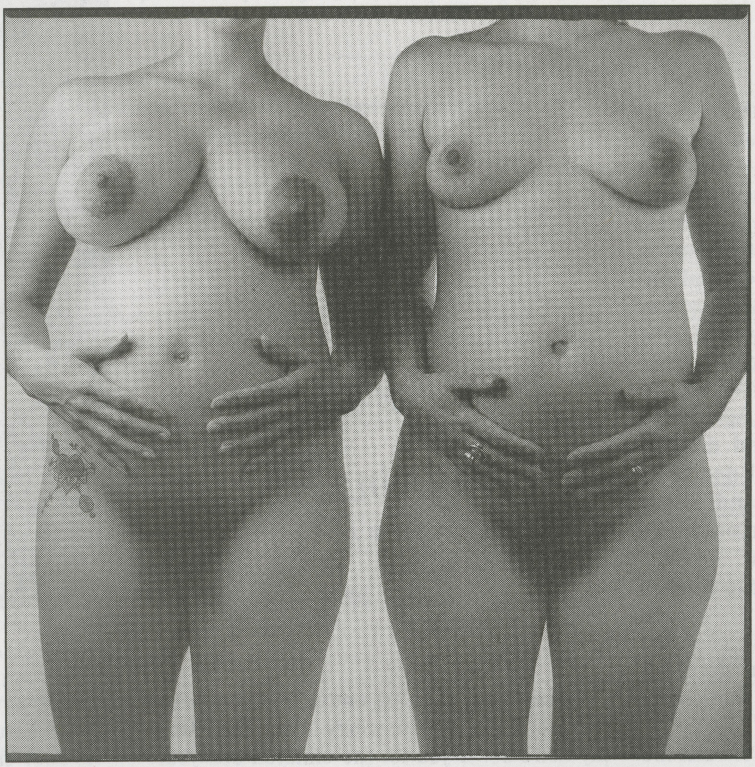
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LESS ROMANCE, MORE TRASH

Thanks for the article on Lea Delaria [Nov/Dec 93]. I have more questions to add to the interview: When is "Bulldyke" coming out on CD so I can play it on my radio show? When are you coming back to the East coast? My winters are lonely without your songs. Finally, when are you gonna buy a smaller suit?

Also, can *OOB* print less romance and innuendoes, and more trash, please?

Rebecca Lane
Cape Cod, MA

SACRILEGE!

Normally when I buy your magazine I can't wait to browse through the photos, but when I saw Ms. Valin's work [Sep/Oct 93], I stopped dead in my tracks. What were you thinking when you placed those sacrilegious photos upon your pages? I almost did not want to touch the paper to turn the page.

I understand that your magazine is not mainstream, and I know that your new editor promises she will make the magazine more "queer." But let's not make it too weird for even the queer to enjoy.

Ms. Inna Valin's photos are abominations before the Lord and any sane, respectable person. Most lesbians I asked agreed with me that those photos are sick and definitely don't need to be in an otherwise interesting, entertaining, and informative magazine. Try again *OOB*.

M. Grant
Bronx, NY

PUT OFF BY PC BULLSHIT

I recently read your magazine for the first time. I loved it! I have always been put off by the PC bullshit dished out by the Feminist Elite. It is difficult to find a realist who is unafraid of her sexuality as either a woman in general, or lesbian specifically.

Reading *OOB* is refreshing, like waking up wet from a good dream, only to find it wasn't a dream after all.

E. Caerbhall
Houston, Texas

ONE WORRIED WICCAN

My bisexual lover, our bi/lesbian friends, and I have been greatly enjoying *OOB* for some time now. However, after reading Carol Queen's article on Lesbians in Modern Witchcraft [Sept/Oct 93], I was moved to comment. The article was well written and responsible. But, it gave the impression that Wicca is practiced exclusively by women and gay men.

In fact, the founders of modern Wicca, Gerald Gardner and Alex Sanders, were men. While Starhawk and Margot Adler have written what might be considered the definitive books on modern Wicca, both can trace their roots to these men. Margot is a Gardnerian High Priestess, Starhawk received training from Garderian-based witch Victor Anderson.

I'm not saying these things to devalue women's role in the craft. We need to fashion a society in which we, like our Goddesses and Gods, love, honor and respect each other for our genders and our life choices.

Kenny Klein, Author
The Flowering Rod: Men, Sex and Spirituality
Kansas City, MO

DISGUSTING, DISGUSTING, DISGUSTING!

I have loved your magazine for a long time and I've never had a problem until your Nov/Dec 93 issue. First there was the "transsexual lesbian" picture. I am sure I am not the only lesbian who does not want to see a man where a picture of a woman could be. Big second: the Isheeia and Adrienne pictorial. Three words come to mind: disgusting, disgusting, disgusting. You can make it up to me by doing a pictorial on Melissa Etheridge. Now *she* would not be a waste of space.

June Thomas
San Leandro, Calif.

BIG! BLACK! BEAUTIFUL!

I am not usually a "letter to the editor" writer, but I am an active lesbian who enjoys women's bodies in all of their forms. Like the rest of us, I get off on feeling sexy and glamorous. Which brings me to my point: being a large, black dyke, it was an incredible, earth-shaking pleasure to see Isheeia and Adrienne on the pages of your Nov/Dec. 93 issue. Thank you Annie Sprinkle and *On Our Backs*. I think about these beautiful, sexy women and walk with a hint more wiggle in my step.

April
Washington, D.C.

ANOTHER ISHEEIA/ADRIENNE FAN

The Nov/Dec 93 of *On Our Backs* is a great looking issue. You've found an art director who has managed to improve your flawless graphics, and come up with even cleaner lines. The Annie Sprinkle photo spread [of Isheeia and Adrienne] was greatly appreciated. How liberating to see women of color and women of size portrayed so sexually free!

Mimi=Freed
San Francisco, California

CORRECTIONS:

A newsnote in Jan/Feb incorrectly stated that Gayle Rubin is on the editorial board of the new lesbian S/M magazine Venus in Furs. *Rubin reports that she is, however, on the editorial board of* Gay and Lesbian Quarterly, *a new academic journal of lesbian and gay studies*

Liz Zivik's thigh harness photo accompanying the Jan/Feb Sexpoint column was misattributed to Jennifer Miko.

ASK FANNY

Dear Fanny: My partner's teenage children came to live with us recently. They were no longer happy at their dad's, and my partner welcomed the chance to have her children back. The way I see it, though, is that we'll have lots of expenses and no time for sex. The whole relationship has changed from lovers to parents. The time we used to spend making love or just hanging out, we now spend arguing about teenage crises. The whole house used to be ours for sex; now we've got one room behind a locked door. I want the spontaneity back, but I don't see how it's possible. I need love and attention. I could also use some good orgasms, and I'm starting to feel resentful.

—Backseat in Boston

Dear Backseat: Your life has changed dramatically. There is little you can do about that, unless you decide you don't want to be dating a mom.

But at least for you, an uninhibited sex life with your partner is not a dim memory. It's been said to death, but I'll say it again: you must begin to take steps now to insure that sex gets the time it deserves. Coordinate sick days with your lover so you can romp around the whole house while the kids are at school. Bribe them by giving them a few extra bucks to take in a late movie. In any case, sit down this very minute and make your own list of options.

Above all, do not feel guilty! It may seem selfish, but your sex life must take priority over domestic responsibilities—even, sometimes, working through those teenage crises. Sex is an energy replenisher, and your relationship will benefit from a concerted effort to find time for it. In turn, your well-being will enhance the quality time you and your lover spend with her children. Good luck!

Dear Fanny: As a single mother, I look forward to more discussions in *On Our Backs* about children and sexuality. What I'd like to know is: how do we raise them to be free about their sexuality without embarrassing us at daycare by talking about dildos? How much sexual information, and at what age, do they need? Are there erotic images that we enjoy but don't want our kids to see?

—Single Mom

"Mommy, why do you laugh when Sarah slaps your butt?"

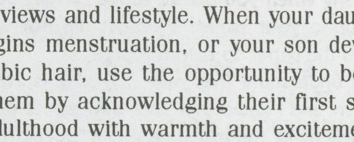
PHOTOGRAPH BY PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

Dear Mom: If being embarrassed at daycare is all you have to worry about, then simply don't be. If you let the children see your sex toys, and you feel comfortable with that, then don't contradict yourself by displaying a negative reaction to a daycare worker's remark in front of your children. Both the worker and children will immediately assume you have done something you don't feel good about, and their attitude toward you and/or your behavior will mirror your own shame. Considering the paranoia over anything sexual that parents and daycare workers are experiencing due to recent media coverage of sexual child abuse, count yourself fortunate that embarrassment, rather than hysteria, is all you have to contend with.

Children are not going to understand sophisticated sexual knowledge anymore than they can understand calculus or modern dance. Little kids just wanna have fun, so let them! Your child may ask, "Mommy, why do you laugh when Sarah slaps your butt, pulls your hair to bend you over backward, and then kisses you?" You could respond, "Because it's fun, and I'm going to slap your butt, too!" while you chase her into the living room with a few love pats to the bottom, and collapse on the floor in a giggling ball of roughhouse. Or, perhaps you see her try Sarah's trick on her playmate, complete with the amorous look in her eye! No need to say anything at all, unless she pulls her friend's hair too hard and hurts her!

As your children grow, trust your instincts. You will know how much they are ready for. Ask them what they learned in school about sex, and fill in the gaps as pertains to your family views and lifestyle. When your daughter begins menstruation, or your son develops pubic hair, use the opportunity to bond with them by acknowledging their first step into adulthood with warmth and excitement. If your children see an unruffled, interested mom when sex questions are raised, you'll create a trust and openness that will serve you well through the teen years, when individuation causes them to seek sexual information elsewhere at a time when they most need guidance from you.

If you feel comfortable letting erotic images lie around the house along with computer manuals and fashion magazines, then do so, and the children will grow up thinking it's natural. But be prepared to put them away when they get older and are highly sensitive to what their friends may think. Respecting their sexual boundaries means they will do the same for you.



FANNY FATALE

ON OUR BACKS READER SURVEY

We would like to get to know you better and hear your opinions about what you like and don't like to read and see in On Our Backs. Please help us give you the good stuff you want by filling out the survey below, and sending it to us by May 1, 1994.

WHO ARE YOU?

GENDER: ☐ Female ☐ Male ☐ Transgendered

RACE: My race/ethnicity is: ☐ African-American/Black ☐ Asian/Pacific Islander ☐ White ☐ Hispanic/Latin ☐ Native American ☐ Other _____

RESIDENCE: ☐ Own home ☐ Rent home ☐ Rent apartment ☐ Other __________

With how many people do you live? __________ In what state and country do you live? __________

I live in a ☐ Rural ☐ Urban ☐ Suburban area.

SEXUAL ACTIVITY:

		Regularly	Occasionally	Rarely	Never
I have sex with	Women	☐	☐	☐	☐
	Men	☐	☐	☐	☐
I practice safer sex		☐	☐	☐	☐

My present status is: ☐ Single, no partners ☐ Coupled, no other partners ☐ Single, dating ☐ Coupled, more than one partner

How important is sex in your life? ☐ It is my lifestyle ☐ Very important ☐ Equal importance with other areas of my life ☐ Less important:

AGE: ☐ 18-24 ☐ 25-30 ☐ 31-40 ☐ 41-50 ☐ 50-60 ☐ over 61

EDUCATION: ☐ High School ☐ 2 yr college ☐ 4 yr college ☐ MA ☐ PhD

OCCUPATION: ☐ Professional ☐ Student ☐ Own Business ☐ Artist ☐ Activist ☐ Sales ☐ Service ☐ Manufacturing ☐ Admin ☐ Other__________

INCOME: ☐ 0 - 24,000 ☐ 24 :35,000 ☐ 35 - 48,000 ☐ 48 - 75,000 ☐ 75,000 +

In what organizations (political, social, business) are you involved in? __________

WHAT YOU LIKE (AND DON'T LIKE) ABOUT ON OUR BACKS

COLUMNS Rate 1-5 which sections of On Our Backs you find most useful or enjoyable. (1-most like; 5- least like)

__ Ask Fanny __ Queer Sites __ Letters to the editor __ Reviews

__ Sex, News and Censorship __ Sexpoint __ The Back Room __ Smut Watch

What do you like about your favorite? __________

What do you dislike about your least favorite? __________

FICTION (Check all that apply) Do you want: ☐ more fiction ☐ less fiction ☐ more explicitness ☐ more romance ☐ more fantasy

☐ more realism ☐ longer ☐ shorter ☐ length OK

Rate 1-5 the fiction in On Our Backs __ Literary quality __ Eroticism

Comments about fiction__________

FEATURES Rate 1-5 which feature(s) you enjoyed the most (1-most like; 5 -least like)

__ Dyke Daddies (Sexual Identity) __ Camille Paglia (Cultural Commentary) __ Barbara Hammer (Filmmaker) __ Dorothy Allison (Author)

__ Wicked Sex (Spirituality) __ Lea Delaria (Comic/Celebrity)

What do you like about your favorite? __________

What do you dislike about your least favorite? __________

Rate 1-5 which topic you would like to see a future feature or interview address: __ Celebrities __ Artists __ Sex Workers __ Sexual Topics

__ Cultural Commentary __ Bisexuality __ Transgenderism __ Gay men __ Multimedia/Computers __ Health __ Other __________

List a specific topic or individual from your favorite category(ies) above __________

COVERS Rate 1-5 your favorite cover. (1- Most like; 5- Least like)

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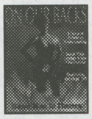

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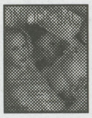

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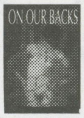

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ON OUR BACKS
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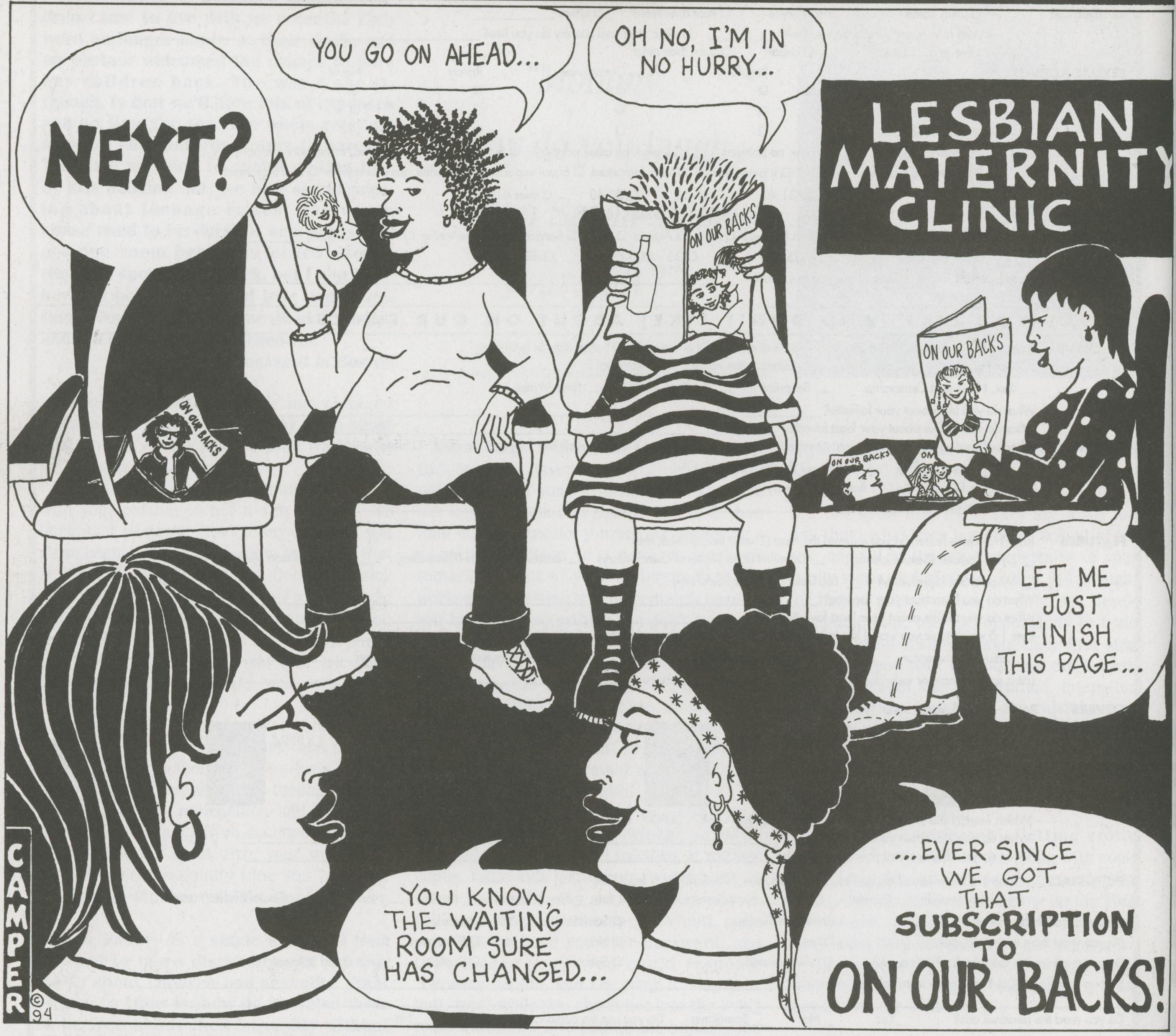
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DYKE MOMMY TINA

"When I'm caning somebody until I'm drawing blood, and they're screaming their lungs out, and snot is running down their face, I will reach over and grab a handkerchief and wipe it off." That's a Dyke Mommy.

Last fall, the first annual Dyke Mommy contest was held in San Francisco and Tina Carroll won. "I didn' t even know about this contest until somebody called me on the phone and said, 'Are you running for this? Because you are the mama from hell.'"

Sponsored by Stormy Leather and produced by Skeeter (Dyke Daddy 1993), the Mommy competition was added to this year' s Dyke Daddy contest by Stormy Leather Manager Jenne Blade because femmes don't win titles in the leather community. Later this year, Tina will co-produce a medieval fantasy fashion show and donate the profits to the Billy DeFrank Gay and Lesbian Center and Lyon-Martin's HIV Clinic for women. Among the events Tina will co-host with Jo Leroux (Dyke Daddy 1994) are a leather weekend in the Santa Cruz mountains and a piercing, cutting, and branding expo in San Francisco.

Ask Tina if Dyke Mommy is a femme thing, and you will be sent to your room without a spanking. "If you're femme, you're a mommy; if you're butch, you're a daddy. That's bullshit. I've had the butchest little boys become little girls for me. I've had the femmest girls strap on a dick and fuck me. It has nothing to do with gender. I'm femme, but I'm aggressive."

She's also submissive, which makes her a better Mommy. "I know what it's like to be cut. I know what it's like to be pierced. I know what it's like to be crying so hard you can't breathe anymore."

"YOU ARE THE MAMA FROM HELL."

And, she' s a bisexual dyke. "When given a choice, my preference is big, strong women every time." Then what makes her bi? "If a gorgeous man walks down the street I say, 'My god, I wonder if he's hung.'"

Eighty-percent of the people she plays with are gay men. Most of them are tops. Why do they bottom to her? "Probably to experience what they're doing to other people or to get their egos in check. I don' t know, maybe they just need to cry once in a while. "

What's the difference between Tina Carroll, Dyke Mommy 1994, and Tina Carroll, dyke mommy from Milpitas who packs a lunch for her real life 10-year-old son and sends him off to school each morning? "There really isn' t a whole lot of difference. The biggest gift that I can give to my son or the 'girl' or 'boy' that I play with is the strength to grow up and walk away and be completely content with who they are, so confident in themselves that nothing can stop them."

What's in it for her? "Besides getting wet? A feeling of accomplishment. Serenity. Passion. I get an extreme emotional, physical, and sexual charge when somebody hands power over to me."

She'll call you after a scene to make sure you got home o.k. If you're shaky when the scene is over, she doesn't let you leave without a cup of tea. If you're too shaky to drive, she'll make you spend the night.

That's the warm, gentle side of Mommy Tina. She' s also a bitch and a sadist.

She played with a man who wanted to be caught masturbating. He wanted to be punished. "I had a key to his place. I let myself in at a specified time. There was a note in very scratchy writing, obviously written by a young boy. It said: Mommy, I'm sorry I didn't clean

(continued on page 40)

TRISH THOMAS

QUEER MOMS ON FILM

Morticia in Addams Family Values

In an extremely sexy undercurrent to Jane Rule's novel *Desert of the Heart*, lesbian lovers Ann and Evelyn play out full fledged scenes of mother-daughter desire. At one point, Rule writes: "Evelyn looked at Ann, the child she had always wanted...Of course she wanted Ann." When Ann recounts her experiences with Evelyn later to her friend Silver, she gets this response: "Love, when little boys want to marry their mothers, they have a hard enough time of it, but they manage. When little girls want to marry their mothers..."

What *does* happen when little girls want to marry their mothers? And why are lesbians only beginning to construct an erotic subculture around "mommies," in the way that gay men and some dykes have around "daddies"? If I say "daddy" to you in the context of gay culture, many images might come to mind: a burly and bearded older man with a young love slave at his feet. Or perhaps you think of a leather-clad iron man with a whip. Daddies are an extremely important category in gay male sex, of course, and recently lesbians have picked up on the erotic possibilities of what is known as the "daddy-boy" dynamic. So why not "mommies" or "mommy-boy" or "mommy-girl"?

Historically, lesbians have been a little squeamish about the idea of sexy mommies. Consider the fact, for example, that when *Desert of the Heart* was made into a movie by Donna Deitch in 1986, she completely erased all allusions to the mother-daughter theme. In *Desert Hearts*, the sexy mother-child dynamic that positively blazes forth in Rule's book is submerged under the guise of a soft focus, woman-to-woman exchange, with never a hint of kinky intergenerational desire. At the risk of violating a few time honored taboos against "female oedipal complexes" and desirous lesbian mommies, I want to suggest that, on the silver screen at least, a number of queer moms can be found. But what does a queer mom look like? What size bra does she wear? What does she do in bed, and what kinds of girls does she like?

Perhaps lesbians have worked hard to repress the maternal aspect of our sexuality because all too often we have been stereotyped as simply under- or over-mothered. The classic 1968 film *The Killing of Sister George*, for example, represents an involuted lesbian relationship between an older and a younger woman as some kind of perversion of motherhood. When the Susannah York character, significantly nicknamed "Childie," finally leaves Sister George (played magnificently by Beryl Reid), the implication is that George has been a bad parent, and Childie must move on to a better mother. It is possible that, by representing lesbianism as a mother/daughter bond, novelists and film makers are de-emphasizing the sexual nature of the lesbian relationship. But in the case of *The Killing of Sister George* (as in *Desert of the Heart*), the dynamic between Childie and George has a distinct erotic component to it.

In lesbian cinema, as I suggested, it is hard to find much material that directly concerns itself with queer moms or mommy-child eroticism. As usual we have to look at mainstream heterosexual images and pervert them in order to imagine what a queer mom might look like. The candidate who most readily springs to mind is Angelica Huston. In the hilarious *Addams Family Values*, Huston as Morticia plays a masochistic mom who luxuriates in her labor pains and turns motherhood into another nasty top-bottom dynamic.

Better even than her performance as Morticia, however, is Huston's role in a rather different film, Stephen Frears' The Grifters. *In The Grifters*, Huston plays a very young 39-year-old mother to a very boyish 25- year-old son (John Cusak). The beauty of this mommy-boy dynamic is that Huston's character combines con-woman, drag queen, hooker and high-school sweetheart into one explosively queer package. For his part,

JUDITH HALBERSTAM

PHOTO: MICHAEL YAMMOTO

John Cusak plays his role as a perpetual dupe who is almost dykey in his pre-pubescent boyish features. The final con occurs when Huston forces Cusak's hand by suggesting she is not really his mother, and inviting him to show his desire. With the (barely enforced) incest prohibition between them dropped, they engage in one of the nastiest screen kisses of all time. Then, of course, she kills him (reverse/perverse oedipus?).

WE NEED HOT IMAGES OF MOMMIES IN LINGERIE

One other queerly maternal Hollywood film comes to mind. Joseph Losey's *Secret Ceremony* (1970) tells the story of a strange encouter between two women on a London bus. The older woman, played by Elizabeth Taylor, is approached by the younger, wealthy woman (Mia Farrow) because she reminds Farrow of her late mother. By perverse coincidence, Taylor is grieving the loss of her young daughter and the two woman fall into a semi-sexual relationship based on a mother-daughter dynamic. The catch to this scenario is that Farrow is depicted as totally insane, while Taylor's character turns out to be a prostitute who, the film suggests, ultimatly wants her "daughter's" money. Along the way to the obligatory suicidal ending there are moments of weird mother-child bonding rituals which offer genuine erotic possibility. Not to be missed is a hot exchange between the two women in which Taylor wears a Sharon Stone-like white mini dress, barely covered by an even shorter white fur. She perches on a table across from Farrow with her thighs partly spread while Farrow calls her "mommy."

But enough about heterosexuals: what kinds of representations of dyke mommies or queer moms and their boys/girls would be sexy? Although we have few erotic images of dyke mommies, there is a great potential for mommy-boy/girl dynamics lesbian sex communities. A dyke mommy could be a power femme who uses her breasts, or some sort of perverse nurturing to subjugate her (willing) victim. The dyke mommy is not simply a dominatrix with heart; hers is a different kind of domination because it plays at the edge of a tabooed erotic bond between same-sex parent and child.

Perhaps, on account of a certain feminist insistence upon the equality and mutuality of lesbian relationships, we have ignored the many ways in which power dynamics inhabit our erotic lives. And the mother-child dynamic is one very clear power relation. It is structured around dependency, physical nurturing and age difference. The older woman/younger man theme is, of course, a staple of heterosexual fantasy (think of *The Graduate* most notably) and it is a vital theme in gay male dynamics. So what about older women/younger women rapports? The elder-junior relation often implies initiation and instruction; the older sexual partner introduces the younger partner to the pleasures and dangers of whatever sexual practice they are involved in. In lesbian communities, we seem not to rely—or admit that we rely—on such initiation rites. Radical age differences in lesbian relationships are relatively unpopular. What we lose, though, by not encouraging or fostering such relationships is a sense of handing down sexual knowledge and expertise. In lesbian leather or S/M communities, needless to say, there are many such rituals for initiation and instruction.

We need hot images of mommies in lingerie, mommies on their backs being sucked off at the breast, mommies on top force-feeding; we need narratives of mommy-tomboy lust, and we need sexual codes of behavior appropriate to the mommy-boy dynamic. Gay men have made mothering into a camp category—think of Joan Crawford as "Mommy Dearest" and the coathanger craze that accompanied *that* movie. We should camp mommy, eroticize mommy, categorize mommy but above all we must make mommy queer. ❖

Photo: Todd Friedman

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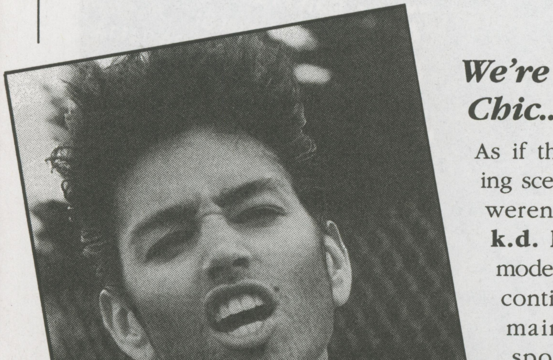
ON OUR BACKS keeps you up-to-date with the latest sex-related news and gossip, and informed about the wave of censorship threatening free expression in the U.S. and worldwide. As different as *On Our Backs* may be from mainstream pornography, we are allies in the struggle against censorship and the anti-pornography movement. So you can keep reading this magazine and other "subversive" materials, take a stand. Be informed. Fight sexual ignorance and censorship.

Barney the Queer Demon

Barney the cartoon dinosaur, a favorite among the nation's pre-schoolers, is under attack by **Reverend Joseph Chambers**, a popular right-wing radio evangelist in Charlotte, N.C. Claiming that Barney hails "straight out of the new age and the world of demons and devils," Chambers warned his listeners that the cult of Barney is further proof that "America is under siege from the powers of darkness." Of highest concern for the dear Reverend? Barney, he says, has the gall to teach youngsters to accept people as they are—even if they're lesbian or gay. As a warning to parents of potentially homophilic dino wanna be's, Chambers is distributing a booklet titled "Barney the Purple Messiah."

NAMBLA Gets the Boot

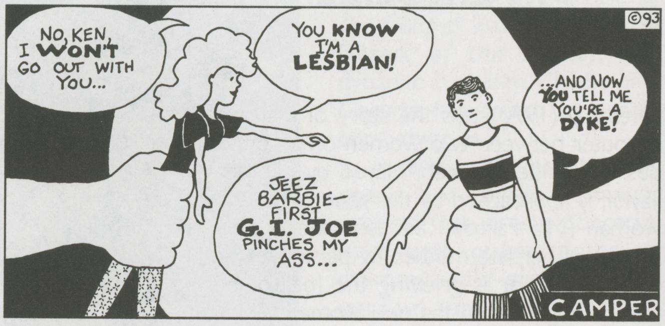
The International Lesbian and Gay Association (ILGA) has asked **the North American Man-Boy Love Association** (NAMBLA), a gay men's group that has criticized age of consent laws, to resign or be expelled. The move comes in response to criticism from the United States government linking ILGA—a federation of over 300 lesbian and gay groups—with pedophilia. In addition, the **U.S. Mission to the United Nations** threatened to revoke ILGA's consultative roster status with the U.N. because of ILGA's connection with NAMBLA (the ILGA was finally admitted to the U.N. last summer). The first to break the NAMBLA story was a slick, politically conservative publication **Lambda Report**, which recently attacked **Perry Jude Raedicic**, the new Executive Director of the **National Gay and Lesbian Task Force**, for allegedly "engag[ing] in violent, sadomasochistic S/M [sic] sex."



Cindy Crawford drags for Rolling Stone

We're Here, We're Chic...

As if their sapphic shaving scene in ***Vanity Fair*** weren't enough, singer **k.d. lang** and supermodel **Cindy Crawford** continue to enjoy the mainstream media spotlight. Crawford donned men's clothes and a five o'clock shadow for December's ***Rolling Stone***, and came off looking about as butch as **George Michael** (not very, that is). Besides being spotted with Banana Republic model and former **Madonna** girl toy "**Ingrid**," lang made the 1993 line up for ***Glamour Magazine***'s Women of the Year. ***Complete Woman*** hopped the lesbo bandwagon, too, with a "provocative exclusive sex survey" of 1,500 women. Some notable conclusions: twenty-one percent of women fantasize about making love to another woman, and sixty percent of the respondents say "size" is not an issue. Quips the **Chicago** gay paper ***Outlines***: "therefore 12.6 percent of the magazine's readers dream about a dalliance with the full-figured woman."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NO, KEN, I WON'T GO OUT WITH YOU...
YOU KNOW I'M A LESBIAN!
...AND NOW YOU TELL ME YOU'RE A DYKE!
JEEZ BARBIE— FIRST G.I. JOE PINCHES MY ASS...
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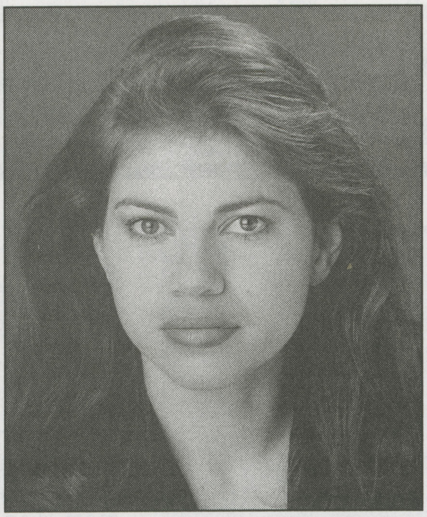
...But Not as Chic as Barbie

Are **Barbie** and **Ken** getting queerer or scarier? **FAO Schwartz** has opened its first **Barbie Store**, a 1,000 foot pink shrine in **Costa Mesa, Calif.**, close to Barbie's hometown. For Barbie buffs, that's El Segundo, where Barbie Millicent Roberts was born 34 years ago, with a boyfriend named Ken, a sister Skipper, and a very close girlfriend Midge—oh, and several thousand shoes and a convertible. At the Barbie Store, shoppers can purchase the classics as well as the newest in pink paraphernalia: **My Size Barbie**. At $123, you can get a three foot doll with outfits that can be shared with the doll's owner. Now even five year olds can vogue: big Babs's outfits are designed by **Rachel London**, the gal who designed for queer idols **Madonna** and model **Naomi Campbell**.

Gay Men Get Sixth Degree

Prosecutors in **Dallas, Texas** dropped the citation they issued to the **Dallas Theater** for staging ***Six Degrees of Separation***, an award winning play that includes a male-male nude scene. This is the second time the theatre has been cited for pandering "sexually explicit" material without a licence; last time, the city attorney's office dropped the charges, claiming the theatre, which does not regularly show nudity, did not fit the city's definition of a sex business. "Six Degrees," which features a scene where a male hustler jumps out of the bed he shares with another man, was voted Broadway's best play in 1991, and received an **Oliver Award** in London last year.

Boob Tube Blues



Madeleine Altmann

In late Novem-ber the San Francisco cable company **Viacom** canned **"Erotica S.F.,"** a sassy sex documentary produced by video artist and future *On Our Backs* model **Madeleine Altmann**. Despite the fact that "Erotica S.F." avoids showing genitals, and features educational interviews with sex and AIDS activists, Viacom balked at airing what it called "sexually explicit" material. Meanwhile, though, federal efforts at censoring television and radio broadcasts got a kick in the ass when several **Federal Communications Commission** (FCC) regulations were deemed unconstitutional by a **U.S. Court of Appeals**. Among the rules that were thrown out: a ban on "indecent" TV and radio from 6 a.m. to midnight, and a regulation allowing cable operators to ban "indecent" programming at their discretion from leased-access channels.

Straight Out Of Her Mouth

In answer—kind of—to the question on many a dyke tongue, **4 Non-Blondes** lead singer **Linda Perry** spoke out about her sexual orientation in an interview with ***OUT*** Magazine. "I'm not a lesbian," claimed the dreadheaded cutie whose brash vocals sent the band's debut album ***Bigger, Better, Faster*** to the top of the charts. "I hate that fuckin' word in the first place—I'd rather be called a dyke if anything. But I'm attracted to a lot of people; I do not limit myself." Unmentioned was Perry's considerable contingent of lesbian fans in the **San Francisco** bay area, where the former all lesbian incarnation of 4 Non-Blonds began its rise to mainstream stardom. Neither did Perry elaborate on the tattoo of her girlfriend's name she sports on her arm.

Porn Without Nudity

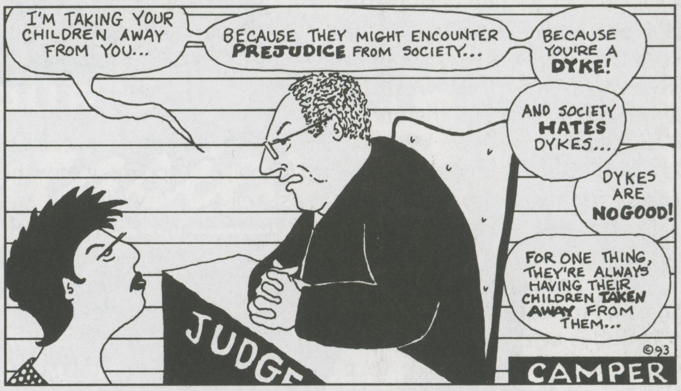
The United States Senate recently called for a broader interpretation of the nation's child pornography law, and **President Clinton** publicly ordered **Attorney General Janet Reno** and the Justice Department to prepare new legislation. The impetus? The case of an honors graduate student at Pennsylvania State University, **Stephen A. Knox**, whose videos focus on clothed girls ages ten to seventeen. A Pennsylvania court convicted Knox of possessing kiddie porn on the grounds that the pubic area includes the "uppermost portion of the inner thigh." A court of appeals disputed this novel definition of "pubic," claiming it is legally and anatomically incorrect. However, the same court upheld Knox's conviction on the grounds that "the lascivious exhibition of the genitals or pubic area" can be found even when those areas are fully dressed. The case now goes to the Supreme Court.

Safe Sex Breakthroughs

The **United States Food and Drug Administration** has cracked down on six American distributors of novelty condoms that don't work. Among the culprits: **Tastys, Licks, Magics** and **Glow Worms**. Lesbian prophylactic afficionadas need not fear, though; a San Francisco woman has invented an solution to the dental dam dilemma. "**Eros Veils**," a line of safe sex barriers for women, are allegedly less rubbery than latex, safer than plastic wrap and easier to use than dams. The Veils are designed to bar the exchange of fluids during oral sex, but the real selling point could be the many styles available, including the "mask," "brief" and "hourglass" models—all of them absolutely see-through. Prices, which start at under a dollar, also beat the bill for hard-to-find dental dams. For more info contact Eros Veil, 533 14th St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

Don't Bank on It

The head doctor at the only sperm bank in **British Columbia** denied services to two Canadian lesbians, and the bank's governing body is backing him up. When **Tracy Potter** and **Sandra Benson** met with **Dr. Geral Korn** last April, he informed the couple that he routinely asks patients looking for frozen sperm to identify their sexual orientation. If you're a dyke, it's a no-go. The couple filed a discrimination claim with the governing **B.C. College of Physicians and Surgeons**. Three months later the women were informed that the College approved the doctor's decision, because the need for sperm wasn't a "medical emergency."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BECAUSE YOU'RE A DYKE!
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DYKES ARE NOGOOD!
FOR ONE THING, THEY'RE ALWAYS HAVING THEIR CHILDREN TAKEN AWAY FROM THEM...
JUDGE
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CAMPER

Take Your Concern and Shove It

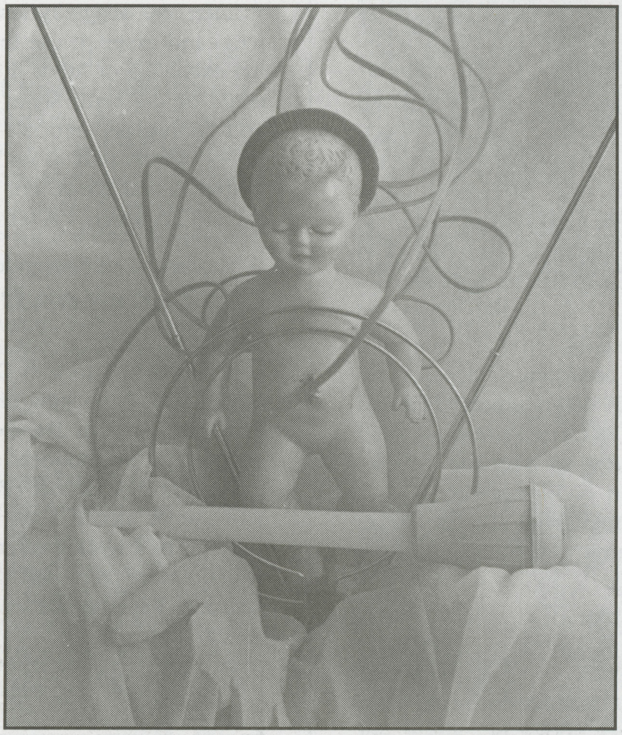
In **Tulsa, Oklahoma**, lesbian mother **Donna Fox** lost custody of her two children to her ex-husband because the "children might encounter future prejudice by a disapproving society." **The Oklahoma Court of Appeals** challenged the finding of the lower court, which stated Fox was unfit to have custody because she is a lesbian, but maintained that the possibility of future prejudice against the children is sufficient reason to refuse her custody. Similarly, an Arkansas lesbian who was refused a same-sex marriage license earlier this year lost custody of her two children following a judge's ruling that her "sexual orientation would subject the children to ridicule and embarrassment." **Judge Terry Crabtree** awarded custody of the woman's nine year old daughter and thirteen year old son to her ex-husband, who boasts a criminal record for driving under the influence of alcohol, writing bad checks, and violating a court order against female overnight visitors.

DIANE ANDERSON

EROTIC ALTERNATIVE INSEMINATION:

Putting the Fun Back into Getting Pregnant

GAIL MARTIN



PHOTOGRAPHY BY NOE

Remember *Raising Arizona*, that perverse movie about Mom, Dad and their pampered, purloined bundle of joy (now *there's* an alternative family for you)? Remember that early scene, when Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter are trying to have a baby a la Mother Nature? Cage opens the door to their trailer home and Hunter—apparently ready to fornicate 'til the cows come home—pounces on him, arms around his neck and legs on either side.

That's how I imagine getting pregnant for straight people: sex, sex, sex, day in and day out, no condoms, no breaks, until the happy day arrives when her period doesn't. So you can imagine, when my main squeeze Beth and I decided last year we wanted to have a baby, the prospect of getting a sperm bank doctor to stick a packet of frozen seed up my twat seemed, well, unappetizing. Believe me, we thought about it. We read all the literature. We talked to friends. We consulted with lawyers. It appeared that some lesbo-friendly sperm bank would be the safest, most reliable, and most effective way for two dykes to become three.

The problem was, I did not want the father of my baby to be a building full of glass test tubes with numbers on them. More importantly, I'm not one to pass up the opportunity for wantonness. Although Beth and I have been together for five years, and intend to spend our twilight years on the porch minding lots of grandchildren, in the meantime we enjoy an "open relationship" (who knows; maybe when I'm seventy I'll still be abandoning my rocking chair for an occasional extracurricular fling). Anyway, when it came to getting inseminated, I figured that if I had to lie there on my back with my legs spread, I might as well get some sex out of it. And I wanted it to be the lesbian kind.

For me, doing an erotic insemination meant that I could fly in the face of all the stereotypes surrounding that special, supposedly intimate moment of conception. We all have that picture in our heads of Man and Wife, finally coming together in the privacy of their matrimonial bower, doing—as they say—what comes naturally. And if pleasure happens, it's for the sake of reproduction.

Well Beth and I were no man and wife, and I was not about to try to mimic the mythic union. For me, one of the beauties of lesbianism—like all queer sexuality—is that sexual pleasure takes priority over reproduction. When Beth and I decided to have kids, my feelings about that did not change. Besides, I wanted to get pregnant with a lot of people around. I wanted it to be a goddam party.

So Beth and I went about the exacting task of selecting a donor. He had to be healthy, handsome, and willing to hand over his sperm to some crazy bunch of queer gals who were going to do god knows what with it. Not surprisingly, there aren't a lot of guys like that. The trustworthy and handsome parts weren't a problem, but most of our male buddies are gay, and a number of them are HIV-positive. As for our HIV-negative fag friends, we found out they wanted much more involvement in the kid's life than we were willing to give. "Men!" we exclaimed, exasperated. "They either don't care at all where their sperm goes, or they care too much!"

Finally we landed on my grad school buddy Joseph. He was perfect in every way: bisexual, brilliant, Jewish (I have an arguably WASPY desire for a multicultural kid), my mom liked him, and most importantly he was willing to help us get pregnant in any way we liked. His only drawback was his marital status (he was hitched at the time), which my lesbian parenting guides told me was a no-no. Evidently donors' in-laws have a tendency to get wind of such arrangements, freak out, and sue lesbian mothers for custody. Even the most righteous of donors, moreover, can have a personality change, and then Beth and I wouldn't stand a chance in court against a married couple.

But Joseph's wife Maya was cool with it, and they agreed to sign a bunch of legal documents just in case. Our lawyer also advised us to pay Joseph for his stud services so it would be more like a business transaction. Beth and I knew it was a risk, but since it was so important for me to get knocked up by dykes—or better, a bunch of dykes—and since I didn't want to cloak the father in a shroud of secrecy and anonymity, Joseph seemed like our best option.

When I was finally ready to get pregnant, Beth's and my jobs, unfortunately, forced us to be separated by three thousand miles. No problem, though. Our donor was nearby, and during my absence I managed to accumulate a bunch of savvy friends and fuck buddies. My most important contact turned out to be Mary who, in her previous incarnation as a registered nurse, had assisted in a number of alternative inseminations. Mary was assigned the task of finding a syringe (no needle, of course), lots of rubber gloves, and then, when the time came, of putting the sperm in the right spot. Her lover Susan had access to a video camera, and she was responsible for getting the whole thing on tape so that Beth could watch later.

The great thing about Mary and Susan was that we were in the habit of having three-ways, so they were very familiar with my body, inside and out. Susan was an old friend of Beth's, too, so I felt a connection to my sweetie through her. The only bad decision I made in terms of attendees was another lover I had at the time. We were recklessly falling for each other, and I should have known that she would feel excluded and have to leave.

My advice, by the way, to potential erotic inseminees is that you restrict the crowd to those who will not feel a rivalry with the primary caretakers. No matter how consistent or successful your nonmonogamous lifestyle may be, having a baby constitutes a bond with your primary lover that no one, not even the most easy going of "tricks," can ignore. If you're going to do a sexy insemination, you want to protect your lovers' feelings, as well as insure your fete against unwanted visits by the old green eyed monster.

As for the unhappy Joseph, I instructed him not to masturbate or make love to Maya for five days before my insemination (it's amazing they're still talking to me), and he performed his duty with great fortitude and self-sacrifice.

I had been taking my temperature with a basal thermometer for several months, trying to pinpoint the exact moment when I ovulated. I had a loose idea. Finally The Day (the day before I was supposed to ovulate) arrived. Joseph, Maya, Mary, Susan and I gathered at the donor's house (his was the biggest). To be honest, we could have done a little more preparation. Mary wasn't able to find the medical equipment she would have used as a nurse, and she should have told me ahead of time that orgasms increased the effectivity of insemination. So we were stuck with a turkey baster, a small mason jar, and no vibrator.

IF I HAD TO LIE THERE ON MY BACK WITH MY LEGS SPREAD, I MIGHT AS WELL GET SOME SEX OUT OF IT. AND I WANTED IT TO BE THE LESBIAN KIND.

This should not have been a problem, really, since lots of lesbians get pregnant with turkey basters, and (in this case) I was more than willing to have sex with Mary and Susan. But I was nervous, excited and...utterly terrified. I wasn't afraid of being maimed in childbirth or anything. But I did feel overwhelmed

(continued on page 40)

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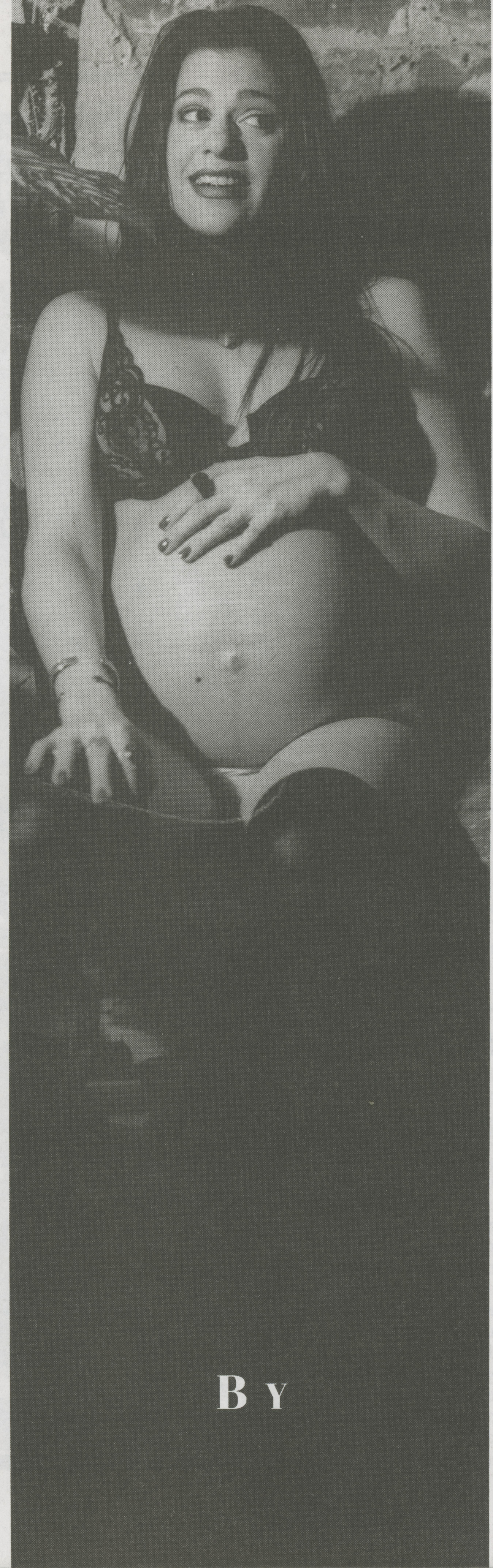

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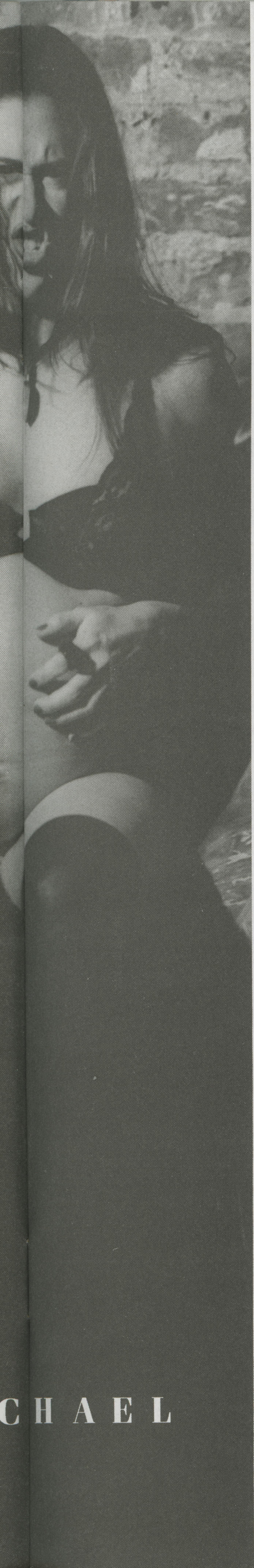

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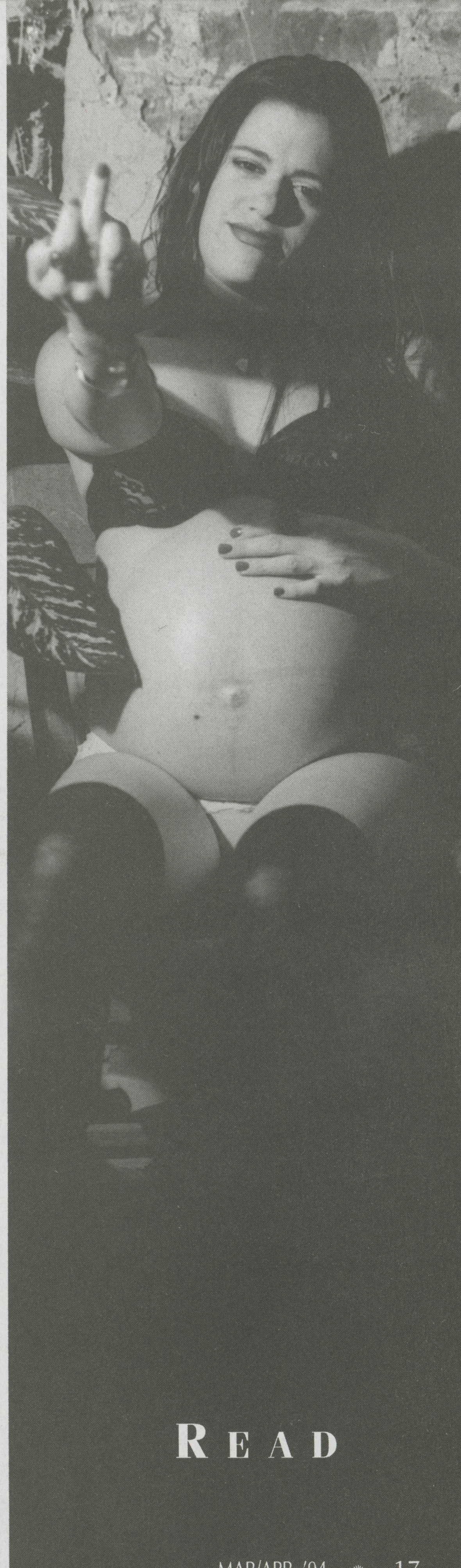

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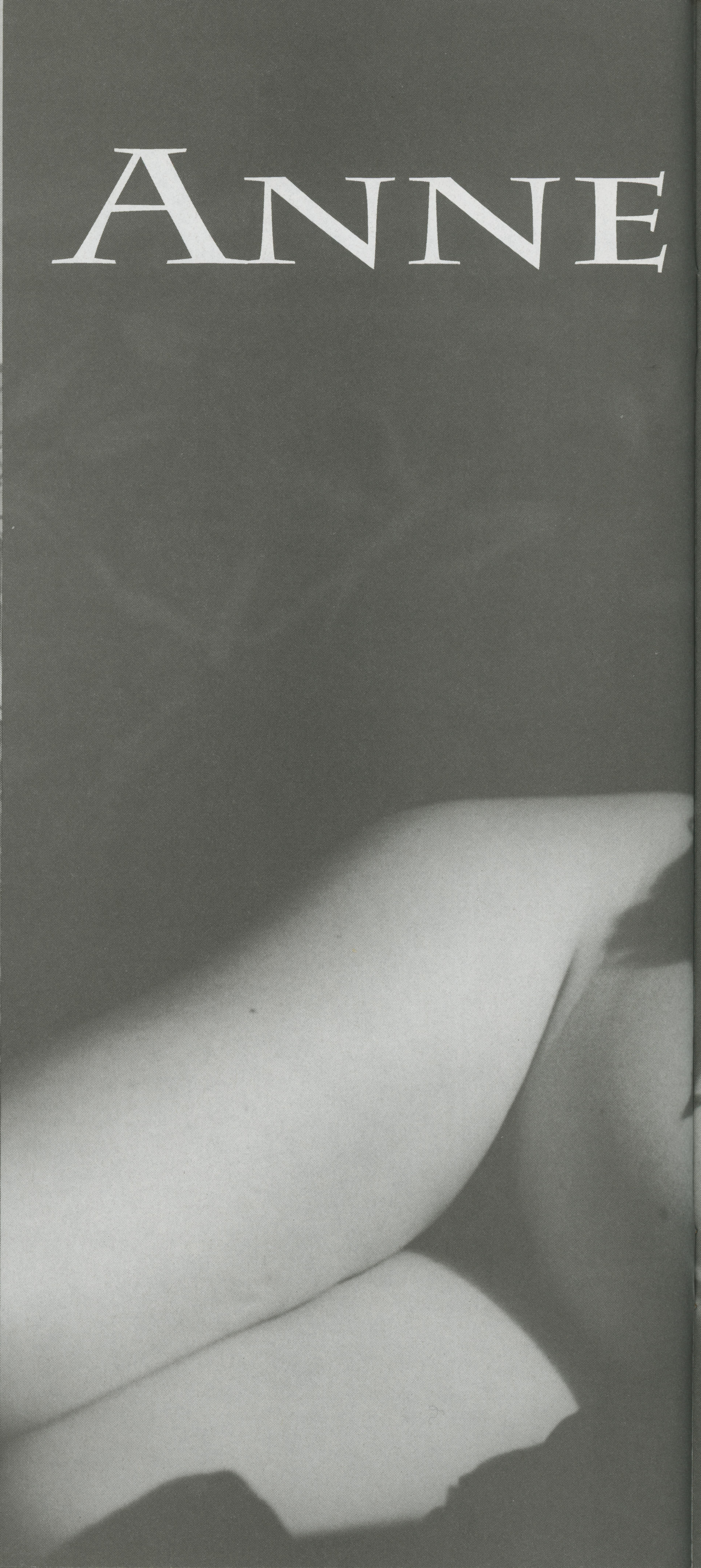


Shanti Moon: "They tell my daughters to use condoms

Lesbians, Sex and Motherhood: Can We Really Have It All?

DIANE ANDERSON

I never wanted to have kids until I became a dyke. Then, suddenly aware of my sexual outlaw status, I wanted to propagate like the Waltons. I dreamed my wife and I would take our militant tykes from the urban, lesbian ghetto and raise them on a dairy farm in Idaho. Sure we'd shock the locals, but we'd have good schools, no crime and plenty of time for sex.

Now I'm not so sure.

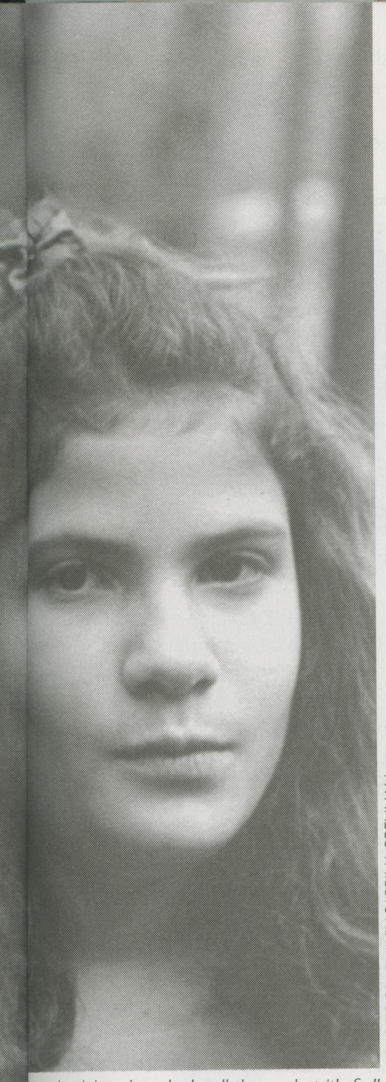
I talked to women in Idaho, California, New York, Georgia, Louisiana and New Jersey. Being a lesbian mom seems to be pretty common in the 90s, but I learned very quickly that it's not any easier. According to Liz Hendrickson, executive director of the National Center for Lesbian Rights, "Lesbian mother custody cases are the most numerous cases involving lesbian and gay civil rights. There are more lesbian mothers fighting for their children than gay and lesbian people fighting for jobs, to be in the military, or against evictions."

As for being a *sexual* mom, many women in California are free to debate whether *On Our Backs* is appropriate coffee table material. Hundreds of other municipalities have "community standards" laws that make the mere possession of the magazine a crime. In Idaho, lesbian sex - oral, anal, vaginal - is illegal. Sexual action outside of *marriage* is still a judicial no-no. The whole question of sexual liberties is simply not a question in many parts of the country—just ask Sharon Bottoms.

All this left me wondering how lesbians can feel good about sex when they know they could lose custody of their kids by simply having it. How do we get off, knowing that little Joey could tell his best friend—maybe the minister's son—that our stifled moans didn't go unheard last night? What do we do when our darling Cindy brings up the word "dildo" at daycare?

The answer, for many lesbian moms, has been to "blend in" with the straight neighbors, teachers and other parents. However, blending in is not something my wife and I have ever been particularly good at. So I set off to get the *real* answers to these questions before we loaded up the wagon and headed for the northern frontier.

I figured a good place to start was with Robbie Sommers, author of the best-selling lesbian erotica *Pleasures, Players, Kiss and Tell* and *Uncertain Companions*. She's often quoted in the press as someone who sacrifices her free time to the relentless exploration of women's pleasures. "It's a tough job," she jokes. "But I'm more than willing to do my share."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SABRINA BRENNAN

at school, but they don't tell them what it's for"

I know why her books sell—I've never read a Sommers book that didn't make me wet. Some of her passages actually drench me, so it's hard to imagine that this is the same woman at the department store buying racing cars and Ninja Turtles for her three sons.

Sommers has three boys—a 17-year-old, and two 10-year-old twins—from a previous marriage. Her older son often visits bookstores and boasts to the clerks that his mother is the novelist. But, he's never read her books.

"I don't make a big deal about it. I don't hide it, but he's not really the type to be interested in lesbian sex," says Sommers. While each of her children knows that their mom writes "adult stuff," she tries not to leave it just lying around.

"I wouldn't leave *On Our Backs* on the coffee table, the same way I wouldn't leave my books or *Penthouse*," she adds. "I wouldn't leave my journal out there either. That's my personal preference."

Sommers says that if her older son wanted to pick up a copy of *Behind Closed Doors*, her latest book, she would let him read it. But she's the first to admit she'd be quite uncomfortable with him reading some of her material. "It's like my father reading it," she says, cringing. "Some kind of incestuousness."

Sommers specifies that her difficulties in raising children come not from the work she does, but from raising them in a homophobic environment where sex is seen as shameful. "I felt like a sexual outlaw even before I was a lesbian. Society puts a lot of stuff on it." When it comes to her kids, though, "[Sex is] never a big, dark issue. I tell them answers matter of factly. But my being a lesbian doesn't make it this way. Some lesbians don't want to discuss sex, either."

Being a lesbian mom does have its funny moments, adds Sommers, recalling the time her two youngest sons and their cousin broke into her toy basket.

"This basket next to my bed has the dildo and a potpourri of toys in it. I came home and the lock on it was broken," she says, chuckling. "I went to my sons and said 'Were you in my basket?' No one said anything. Then I said 'Did you see that penis?'"

Sommers pauses to explain that to boys at that age, if it looks like a penis, then it is a penis.

"They giggled and I just said 'Well, that's my basket. You have your own penis. Hands off.'"

Sommers remains matter-of-fact about the whole affair. "I never worried, 'Oh my god!' I doubt they were at school the next day, saying 'Mr. Grove, my mom has a penis in a basket.'"

And if they did, Sommers doesn't seem too concerned. "I want to encourage them to explore and embrace their sexuality. I just don't want to be a part of it. Just like I wouldn't want to sit around in a group with my parents and discuss sex. Six butch women, yes. My parents, no." Is this sex negative? "No, I'm just setting clear boundaries. I want them to feel ok about sex and masturbation and all that. The one day my son found his penis—you know, the one day they find their penis and don't let go for 6 years? Wait, do they ever let go? I know grown men...Anyway, that one day I found them in their room and I said 'That's ok, but it's private.' That's how I feel about the rest of it."

Never one to shy away from publicity, when Joanne Loulan, author and the so-called "Eisenhower of lesbian sex," decided to have a child through alternative insemination she was quite frank about it. Other dykes were not happy. But Loulan knew she had to experience the "miraculous phenomenon" of birth.

"Most of the discouragement came from lesbians," she recalls. "There was this great collective unconscious[ness]. I got a lot of 'How can you do that to a child?' and 'Let the other women have the babies—we need you in our ranks.'"

Loulan persisted, with a great deal of support from straight women. Now her house is the place where the kids in the neighborhood hang out. Loulan's son thinks of her as his "big-mouth" mom, but he still shows up at her talks. What's it like hearing about Lesbian Bed Death for an adolescent boy?

How can lesbians feel good about sex when they know they could lose custody of their kids by simply having it?

"It's difficult at times. He wishes that wasn't what I do," says Loulan. "But he'll appreciate it when he's a little older."

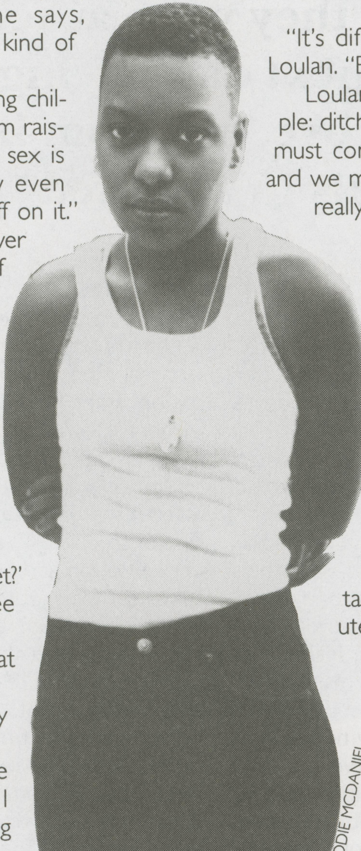
Loulan's number one piece of advice for dykes with kids is simple: ditch the closet. "Motherhood is a great place to hide. Lesbians must come out," she quips. "Teachers must know we're lesbians and we must demand that they give support to our kids. Being out really influences your sex life."

In her work as a therapist and a comedienne, Loulan often warns dykes against the dreaded Lesbian Bed Death. But, she says, it's even more critical for new moms.

"I encourage new moms to plan sex. I know it sounds unromantic, but you cannot *not* plan. You need child care, and lots of women don't want their kids to hear. It stops desire."

Sexual desire often wanes for new moms because they are tired, stressed and sore from nursing. But, again, Loulan says it's essential to have sex. "Don't wait for sexual desire: it's good for your health, good for your body and good for your relationship. It's especially important for new moms to have orgasms because they help the uterus contract and get back to the normal size."

More advice from Loulan: ultimate advice? "Your relationship can't be about your kids. That doesn't work for lesbians. Heterosexuals get other goodies. I don't even *really* think it works for them."



MELODIE MCDANIEL

"Al of the sudden it's cool to...have a lesbian look, and that's such utter bullshit. I live this and Ive been beat up in the subways. I go to work, I come home and take care of my child. It's not all that glamorous."

Me'Shell

WENDY JILL YORK

Robbie Sommers: "I want to encourage my children to explore and embrace their sexuality. I just don't want to be a part of it".

Loulan encourages—no, demands—that lesbian moms have sex, if not for themselves, then at least for the children.

"It's important that you are a role model for your kids. "Kiss your girlfriend in front of them, hug her. Display sexuality in front of kids—it helps them when learning how to interact. I'm a big flirt. My son learned a lot from me."

So we're supposed to have sex and display our sexuality, but what if the kids see too much?

"My son walked in once, when he was 6, on a really hot and heavy sex scene. I totally flipped out. I asked if he saw anything, and he said 'No'," recalls Loulan. "The next day he said 'I dreamt Deana [his friend] and I had sex all night and it was gross. Do you know where to adopt children?' I asked him why and he said he wanted to be a dad, but he didn't want to have sex." Loulan, more collected at this point, talked calmly with her son and let him know his feelings were okay.

> **I doubt they were at school the next day, saying "Mr. Grove, my mom has a penis in a basket."**

Sometimes assuaging his feelings hasn't been that easy. One year when Loulan went to the Michigan Women's Music Festival, her son was 3 years old. She wanted to take him with her, but the childcare camp was a mile away from the rest of the festival (many festivals, Loulan adds angrily, don't let small boys come at all). So she left him with a cousin who lived nearby. Later when he was looking at the festival photos, he saw a giant goddess puppet. He pointed to the great matriarch and said, "Does *she* like little boys?"

"They feel the negativity!" says Loulan. "I leave him in private child care, but the reality is, I have the means to do that."

Without the buffer of a sizeable lesbian community, many lesbian moms have relied on a a tenuous conspiracy of silence with their straight neighbors. Shelby and Jane (not their real names) have three boys under the age of 10. Jane got pregnant through alternative insemination after the couple moved to their acreage in Kuna, Idaho. Jane stays home with the children. Shelby works as a technical manager for a Fortune 500 corporation.

Shelby says that she and Jane deal with homophobia by not pushing things. The teachers are receptive, they say, because they live in a small community and they are very involved in the school. "No one really talks about it," Shelby said. "Everyone knows us as Shelby and Jane. Every new grade, when we're introduced, the parents look funny, but at the end of the year it's like, 'Hey, there's Shelby and Jane.'" Everyone must know they're lesbians, she smiles, "because we keep having more babies." Still, Shelby is loath—even with me—to use the terms partner, lover, or wife.

As I talk on the phone with Shelby, I feel her enthusiasm and pride. Their boys are students of the month, they get good grades, and they're popular with the teachers and the girls. I picture them raising these kids in a town not far from my own hometown, in a traditional butch/femme relationship, where the boys call Jane "mommy" and Shelby "nanny," but the rest of the white picket fence fantasy stays the same. Then a wave of panic seizes me: Shelby has spent a good deal of her adult life raising these boys who think of her as their other parent, yet she has no legal rights to them. What if Jane died? What if a homophobic neighbor protests that Shelby and Jane aren't "just" two ladies raising children together?

Other dykes who live in counties without legal protection for gay moms don't bother to walk the fine line that Shelby and Jane tread.

When Shanti Moon's 10-year-old daughter came home from a safe sex education class at school, the girl asked, "Mommy, did you use a condom?" Shanti looked her daughter squarely in the face and said, "No, honey, I used a glove."

Moon, an S/M dyke in Atlanta, Georgia, lives in a collective house with two other women, herself and her 8- and 10-year-old daughters. Her ex-husband spends time with the children, and has been generally supportive of her lifestyle. Sometimes he offends Moon when he asks questions about her sexuality, but she believes he asks because he doesn't want to give the girls misinformation.

Misinformation is one thing Moon doesn't like.

"My daughter and her friends were all sitting around after this class talking about condoms. I said, 'Do you guys even know what a condom looks like?' They said no," sighs Moon. "I mean, they tell them to use condoms and they don't tell them what it's for." Moon took matters in her own hands: she called the mothers of the other children and asked if she could host a safe sex education class at her home. The mothers were pleased when Moon showed condoms to the children and discussed what to do with them.

"I tell them anything they want to know. They know what dildos look like and they know what they're for. If it's a personal thing, I just say 'That's private.'"

The girls have attended festivals and have been raised in an environment where nudity is acceptable. Moon tries to discuss erotic material before censoring it.

"At this one festival, my daughter was in childcare, but the childcare was really loose. And we were at this video booth when this masturbation video came on. It was very erotic, very explicit," Moon recounts. "I thought it was beautiful. I saw my 9-year-old watching it and she said 'Gross.' So I told her that if she was uncomfortable she could leave and that was okay. She stayed. When we talked later, I asked if she understood what was going on. She said 'Yeah, but it was kind of creepy.'"

Like Loulan and Sommers, Moon is letting her children pace themselves on their journey toward sexual awareness. But she draws the line at S/M. "I don't expose them to that. The play scenes at the house are always when they aren't here. I give out information, but they don't understand the language. Spanking and stuff like that. They aren't able to handle that."

Moon adds that having lovers who live out of town helps save time for her kids. The real challenge, it seems, lies in saving time for her lovers, away from her curious children. "The minute my kids hear an 'Oh...' they are right at my bedroom door. Once they saw more than I was comfortable with, so we made up [privacy] signs."

(continued on page 38)

CIRCE & JENNIFER

Like lesbian sex guru Susie Bright, Jennifer McKitrick got pregnant the old-fashioned way. McKitrick, lead singer of the San Francisco based queer country band Swinging Doors, had sex with a man. "I'm 31, I've always wanted a kid. Occasionally I have sex with a boy. We used a rubber and I got pregnant anyway."

Now five months pregnant, McKitrick says that being a pregnant lesbian has its advantages—not the least of which was being asked to pose for this special issue of On Our Backs.

"Dating is nice. Girls like it," says McKitrick of her big belly. "They suddenly think I'm beautiful. They want to feel my boobs, and they treat me nice."

As a single dyke, McKitrick hasn't had difficulty maintaining a sex life.

"Some women lose their sex drive; mine increased! Us pregnant chicks can't stop talking about these changes. Your boobs are firm, you're wet all of the time. I can sustain orgasm for an indefinite period."

FUCK
MARILYN
QUAYLE

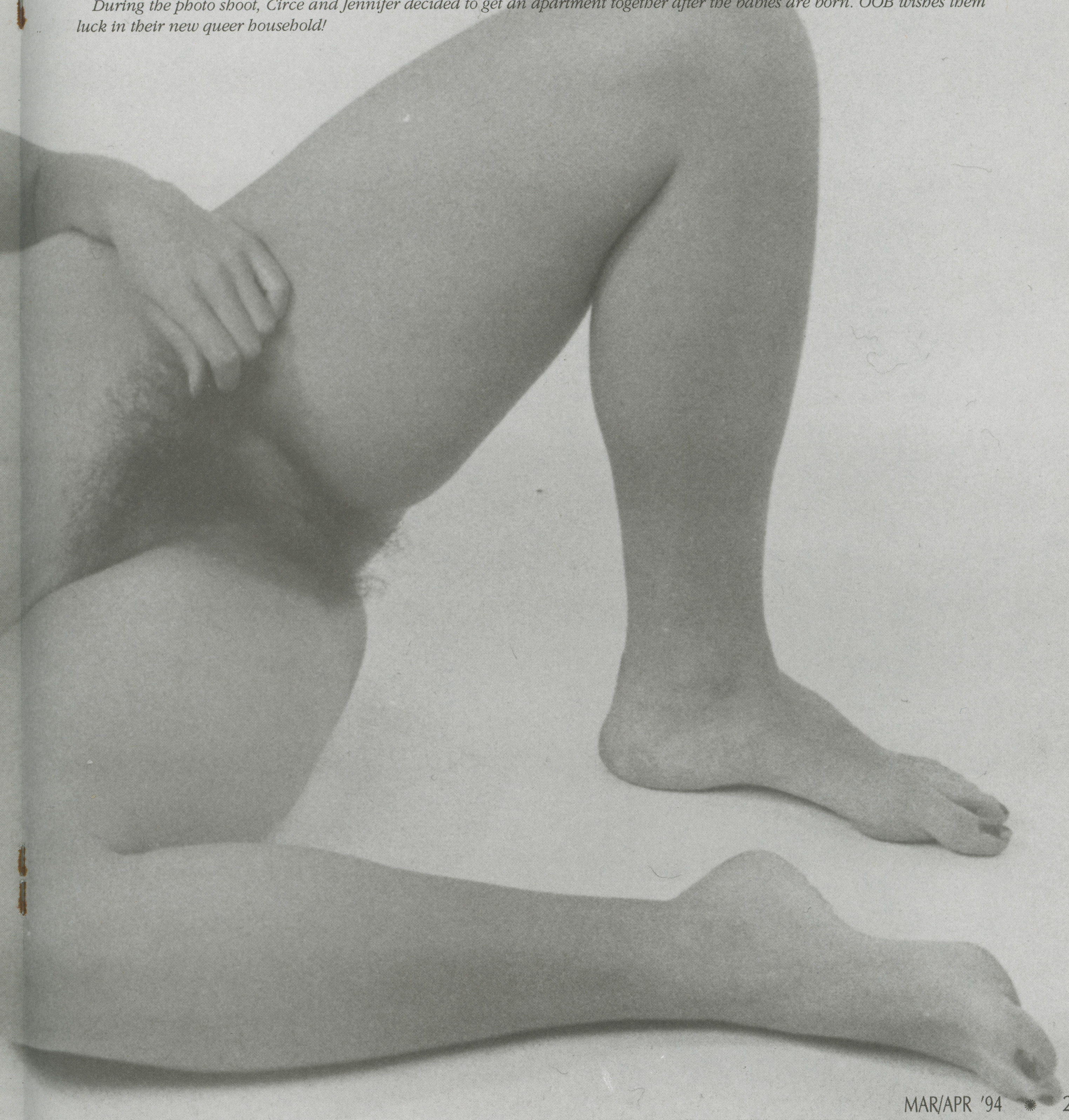
PHOTOGRAPHY
BY NOE

When Jennifer told her friend Circe, a dancer at the Regal Theatre in San Francisco, that she was going to pose prego for On Our Backs, *Circe asked if she could come along. Seven months pregnant at the time, Circe also worked with Jennifer on the set of* San Francisco Lesbians 5, *a women-produced erotic video. "I feel more comfortable doing sex work with women, than with my male clients," says Circe, especially now that she's with child. In fact, she had to quit the Regal because she began to feel "uncomfortable."*

"The work I do in the sex industry is character work. My regular customers have fantasy relationships with me, but when I got really pregnant, it got a little too real." Sometimes her clients were "kinda sweet," she says, citing the time one guy brought pictures of his family. Overall, though, a boundary had been crossed.

Circe reports that, as a result of being pregnant, "my idea of sexuality has broadened. I'm not masturbating sixteen hours a week for money, and I don't have a lot of lovers. But I do feel like I'm two bodies now, so I have a lot of need for contact. Not sexual contact in the usual sense. Non-orgasmic stuff like rubbing and touching has become sexual for me."

During the photo shoot, Circe and Jennifer decided to get an apartment together after the babies are born. OOB wishes them luck in their new queer household!



LOOKING, LISTENING AND...SHAVING

I met Felicia at the last Social. She was at the other end of the room with a bunch of young folks. It's a big room, and there were over sixty people there, but I noticed her. My type. Long black hair flowing down her shoulders, and I could tell by the way she flung her hair and moved her hips, she was a sexy one.

Her group was listening to Rita Morales tell about Bosnia. Then Kevin Morales talked about their daughter's graduation.

I'm an old lady, I reminded myself. Plus I'm probably not even her gender. A teen-aged boy called her Mom but that doesn't mean anything—so many queers have kids.

I was talking to Gladys and Chuck. Gladys gave the run-down on AIDS and Magic Johnson, Chuck on Donald Trump's marriage to Marla. Harvey talked about the Operation Rescue fanatics. Harvey talks slowly but everyone makes an extra effort to encourage him; he was raised oralist so he has trouble Signing.

I'd already said my Hello, How Are Yous to Trudy, my ex-"roommate," and Carmen, her girlfriend. Since we can talk from a distance, we don't have to actually go up to each other like Hearings do. But we can't avoid each other, either, since we all attend the same Socials.

I've gotten used to seeing the two of them. Trudy left me over a year ago. Carmen is a nice lady; I don't hate her. I'm really quite sorry when she says she injured her foot last week and that's why it's in a splint.

Trudy's gone back to work part-time. She's also put on weight which doesn't look good on her, since she's only five feet tall. Really, she's getting fat. But she's still dramatically good-looking, her plentiful snow-white hair swept to one side and up. Like her hair all over, I can't help but think.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY AMY MARQUEZ

I was talking about the Pentagon trying to resist budget cuts when I saw Felicia telling a joke about Star Wars and asteroids. I saw my chance and invited her over.

As she and her son made their way through the knots of people between us, I got a better look at them: poor guy, he had a terrible case of acne. He was dressed in a kind of preppy uniform, a white shirt and tie, jeans, his dull brown hair cut '50s-style short.

Felicia was a different story. Her coloring was perfect from my point of view: fair skin, but black eyebrows and a detectable mustache (always a good omen). Her coal black hair had some white streaks but she was young, she couldn't be over forty. A nice body, just a bit plump. Her powder blue jeans were torn at the knees.

After mutual introductions I asked Felicia and Gary why they came to this Social. I knew it was their first in this area because I've been to every Deaf Social since I retired. Now that Trudy's split, I don't know what I'd do without them; it's all Hearing where I live.

"I just moved. For a new job," Felicia replied, "I'm an accountant."

"How about you, Gary?" I asked, thinking, Felicia's probably straight. And I'm too old for her.

"I'm going to a Junior College right now," he said. "I'm a Hearie so I might work as a translator."

"You'd be a good one," I complimented, quite sincerely, "I'd never have guessed you weren't Deaf. But kids who are raised by Signers . . . was your father Deaf, too?"

Felicia answered for him. "His Dad was Deaf but we broke up when he was little. My daughter, Gail, was exposed to as much Sign as he was, but she's very poor because she doesn't use it often. She was embarrassed about having Deaf parents when she was growing up."

"I'm sorry."

"Gail's doing fine, though. She's an X-ray technician. I'm proud of her even if she used to be embarrassed by me."

"She's not embarrassed by you anymore, Mom," Gary added.

"Do you work, Sue?" Felicia asked. She wore two little rings and a bracelet—with a woman symbol. She also had a tiny woman symbol for one earring.

"I'm retired but I used to be a Deaf Counselor for High School kids," I said. "Are you married?" Felicia asked.

"Never have been," I tell them, feeling a twinge: I think of myself as divorced—abandoned. But I'm not out to the people at the Socials. In some of the bigger cities gay Deaf have their own Socials but not here.

"I know a lot of people like that," she says and pauses before adding, "Especially women."

It's a hit. Gary laughed knowingly. Not much to look at, but he's smart.

As Felicia and I exchanged TTY phone numbers, I suddenly wondered: but what if it's already shaved?

Felicia is bisexual. A weird thing—we Deafies don't even have a word for it yet, we're still finger-spelling it. She divorced her husband because he drank. Also, she was starting to realize how she felt about women.

"My son knows," she says, "because I came out to him when he asked *me if I was a lesbian. I haven't come out to Gail yet. Like I said, we haven't been that close. During her teen-aged years she rebelled by joining one of those religious fanatic churches. Anti-feminist, homophobic—when she had the TV on PTL or the 700 Club, I used to be glad I was Deaf since I didn't have to listen to those idiots."*

"Is she still that way?" I asked.

"Oh no. She came to her senses."

When I explained my fetish to Felicia, she blushed and started laughing. She reassured me that she wasn't offended—she's done tying and spanking before. It was just that she never expected to attract anyone by having so much body hair. "I've always been self-conscious about it," she said. "I used to torture myself with wax."

There it was: a jungle of thick black hair down the crack of her ass.

I waited hopefully.

"I'm glad it's not the hair on my head, Sue," she continued, "I couldn't let you have that."

❖ ❖ ❖

I was wearing stockings and garters and a lacy white teddy—that's what she likes—and I got the stuff together while she undressed: clippers, shaving cream and razor, pan of water, washcloths.

I put a fat blue pillow in the middle of the bed and then a beach towel across that. Holding back, I tried not to look while Felicia finished.

Then, naked, Felicia lay on her tummy across the big pillow so her bottom stuck up nicely. She held her head against the regular pillow.

There it was: a jungle of thick black hair down the crack of her ass.

I went to work with the clippers first. She wriggled so I leaned over and warned her, "Stop, you're going to make me cut you."

She turned to say "OK" and her elbow hit the pan but luckily didn't knock it over, just swished the water around.

I started shaving, very carefully, aware of my pussy juice warming. After each stroke, I rinsed the razor off, then shaved the next segment. Oh, I thought excitedly, she's got so much hair! I had one cheek shaved, washed, and dried. I examined it to make sure—no stray hairs.

Pausing, I savored the sight of the one cheek so nakedly white against the primitive black brush of the other.

Then I shaved, washed, and shaved, until both buns were hairless. My nipples tingled. I kissed her bottom; the skin shivered under my lips. She started playing with herself. Her hips moved from side to side as she masturbated.

I lay on her back, my chin on her shoulders and my pubis moving against her clean bald butt. Felicia's chest vibrated—she was giggling. I moved my legs further apart, trying to catch all the ass I could.

Sniffing the musky oil of her perspiration, I kissed and sucked on her shoulder. We rocked and shimmied and I slid my hands under her chest to play with her breasts. The hard tiny bumps of her nipples reminded me of raspberries.

I pushed and bounced against her ass in excitement. Our legs rubbed together, bearing down and flailing, and tears started hotly in my eyes. I felt her breath speed up. Her bottom swayed slowly and sensuously. My short fingernails dug into her skin as I bounced harder and faster, faster, slowing down, then speeding up, faster and faster until I came against Felicia's beautiful naked ass.

I kissed the nape of her neck gratefully. There was a pronounced red mark on her shoulder—I'd given her a hickey. Trying to catch my breath, wiping the perspiration off my forehead, I rolled off her and she turned on her back.

"Now, it's my turn," Felicia said after a bit. She drew her knees up and opened her legs.

"Didn't you already come?" I asked.

"Yes, I did but it was small and I want a big one this time," she said, her hands trembling a little as she talked, "Seconds are usually best for me and I want as good an orgasm as you had, pervert."

I put my face on her very warm pussy. The clear fluid ran thickly along her lips and gave off a rich, spicy odor.

Her hands caressed above her bush as I gently sucked her clit, then pushed my tongue in her vagina and around her wet lips, slowly and for a long time the way she told me she likes it.

"Kiss my thighs," she said, "The inner thighs."

I moved my mouth down to her thighs, kissing the inside of her still-furry thighs. Tufts of curly hair waved under my tongue like tall grasses in a breeze.

Felicia got my attention with a tap by her foot, then said, "Now, eat me, Sue," and I returned to her hot, open sex. My face was on her pussy licking around—not on—her hard little button when her hips started grinding again, faster but with long pauses.

Her hand nudged the top of my head so I licked inside her cunt. She put her fingers around her clit and she came, a slow wonderful take-your-time shudder-freeze-shudder-wild twist, with her cunt throbbing around my tongue.

Afterwards, clinging and slippery, my face still bathed with her love juice, I asked, "Did you come good enough this time?"

"I think I was loud enough to make both of us Hear," she replied. Then we rested together in silence, our hands too tired to talk anymore. ❖

RACHEL HEATH

FOLLOW THE SUN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NOE

“Kathy?”

“Yes?”

“Kathy, it’s...been too long. I’ve missed you. It’s Judy.”

The sweet, high voice, the hesitant gait of her speech—I knew it was Judy before she announced it.

“It has been a long time.” I tried to sound cool. I’ve never loved anyone as much as Judy—and no one ever hurt me as much.

“Do you think we could get together? Tonight or some night soon? I’d like to talk.”

“Sure.” I took down the address, showered and dressed and packed my dick in an overnight bag. I was ready to make amends if she was.

Happy as I was, I was also wary. We had gone out for a year, and lived together for two years. We complimented each other almost perfectly, sexually and socially. She was a perfect bottom: cute, feminine, sweet-natured. Blindly submissive, she delighted in being on her knees taking whatever I gave her. And I never felt more powerful than when I was fucking her hot, slick cunt.

I wanted to see her again, but I was afraid to admit to myself—let alone her—how vulnerable I was. I hate feeling weak, and when she left me, she made me feel very weak.

But I went, with misgivings.

I was stunned when she answered the door. Even silhouetted by the hall light, I could see that Judy was very, very pregnant. I immediately felt awkward.

“Come in, Kathy.”

I walked into a small apartment, furnished sparsely but nicely. Judy always displayed good taste.

“Usual?” she asked. I nodded and she made her way into the small kitchen. She leaned into the fridge with difficulty to retrieve a beer while I sat on the sofa.

“How was it,” I asked hesitantly, snapping open the can. “With a man?”

“It was OK. It was kind of fun to play with a dick that squirts. Only,” she said, cradling her belly, “this is what happens when they squirt.”

She smiled at my discomfort and rubbed my leg. “His dick wasn’t as big or hard as yours, though.”

“Well, yeah. Nothing short of a couple of minutes in a microwave can make MY dick limp.”

We laughed, and I began to feel more comfortable. It was like the old days. I put my arms around Judy and kissed her, not without difficulty since her belly stuck out so far. I was surprised at the passion with which she kissed me back.

“I missed your tits,” she whispered when I took my tongue back. She pulled me hard against her protruding body. “I missed the taste of your cunt. I want them again.”

I was taken aback when she grabbed my crotch and began to massage me. Good God, she was horny. Her scent brought back those lazy weekend mornings when we’d lie in each other’s arms, watching shafts of sunlight crawl from one side of the room to the other. We had a little game: when the sun hit the foot of the bed, I’d start on the soles of her feet and her toes, and I’d follow the sun with my tongue as it moved up her body. It was like a fresh seduction each time—slow, luxurious. By the time I got to her deep, warm kiss, she'd be good and wet, and I'd wrap her legs around my neck and fuck her long and fiercely.

God, how I'd missed those excursions up and down Judy's soft, sweet body.

"I don't feel very attractive," she said in a little voice. She stood and looked down at her feet—actually, *towards* her feet, since I doubt she could see them. "But I do feel stronger than ever. And you know what? I *like* the feeling of being pregnant."

"It's huge," I said, putting both hands on her belly as she stood before me. "Do you know what sex it is?"

"No, I decided to be surprised."

I had to ask. "The father?"

"He bolted when I told him I was pregnant. Said he wasn't ready. Neither was I, but I couldn't run." She smiled as she sat back down. "Actually, I'm relieved that he left. I might actually have married him. Now I can bring up this baby the way I see fit."

Judy seemed to be taking this pretty casually, but I felt upset, even close to tears. I took her in my arms again. I wanted to help her, to protect her. "I'll take care of you," I sputtered.

Judy looked at me, quizzically at first, then smiled. "You think I need taking care of? That's very sweet."

"You're alone and pregnant, honey, you need—"

"O.K. You can take care of me, Kathy. Here's how you can start."

She unbuttoned her blouse all the way and presented me her breasts in cupped hands. They were immense. Her nipples had swelled to twice their size, and turned a dark, luscious mocha color.

I unbuckled her belt and pulled her skirt down around her ankles. I couldn't keep my eyes off her naked belly. Putting my hands on its bare skin, I realized it was stretched tight as a drum. Her navel stuck out like a doorknob. I kissed it as I eased her panties down. I wouldn't have imagined it, but I found the sight of her swollen belly and bloated breasts enormously exciting.

She pulled me up by the hand and walked me to the bedroom. She lay back on the bed, hooking her arms under her legs to pull them as far out of the way as possible. Her moist cunt lips parted as she splayed her legs, revealing her innermost folds and little button of a clit. Like her nipples, it seemed to have swelled with her pregnancy.

"Eat me, Kathy," she said.

I'd heard of pregnant women's moods...but to let her stick my own dick into me seemed an awfully big indulgence

I quickly took off my shirt and vest and stepped out of my jeans. In the back of my mind I wondered if it would be like it used to be. Could I be rough? Would I be able to snap my belt over those pillowy ass cheeks, or ram my dick deep into her body?

Kneeling before the power of her womanhood, I resolved to be gentle. I massaged her ass cheeks while I kissed her sweet, moist sex, hidden like a mine at the base of her mountainous belly.

She groaned and began to writhe under my tongue. I was going to make her beg for it like in the old days, but she forced my mouth violently against her pussy. She bucked up and down and swiveled from side to side. Soon, her sopping nest covered my face with a thick sap. Her climax was so violent I nearly suffocated in her muff.

We were both gasping as I moved up next to her. She took one of her big heavy tits in her hand.

"Open your mouth," she said.

I wasn't used to taking orders, but in deference to her delicate condition—I don't know why they call it delicate; there's nothing delicate about it—I obeyed. She pulled on her tit and squeezed her swollen nipple hard between her thumb and forefinger. Fascinated, I watched the nipple bristle until it began to squirt milk all over my face. I recoiled at first, but then, instinctively, I latched onto the big, fat nipple and began to suck. My mouth was immediately filled with warm, sweet milk.

"Drink it," she said. I swallowed and quickly filled my mouth with more, getting the hang of the rhythm of sucking and swallowing. She cradled my head in her arms while I sucked on her mama's milk. I had the curiously attractive feeling of being like a little baby at her mother's tit.

When I had milked her I said, "What should we do? I brought my dick...but I didn't know..."

"That's not a good idea. Not at this stage."

I nuzzled her flaccid nipple until her tits and my face turned sticky from the drying milk.

"Let me have your dick," she said quietly. "Shame to let it go to waste. Indulge me."

I was shocked. Had her condition had gone to her head? I'd heard of pregnant women's moods, of having to appease them in the middle of the night with ice cream and stuff like that. But to let her stick my own dick into me seemed an awfully big indulgence. I mean, this was the woman who spent the last couple years on her knees, begging to suck my cock, begging me to stick it brutally into whatever hole struck my fancy. Now she wanted to strap on *my* dick and fuck *me*?

Keeping her hand firmly on my leg, she turned me over onto my back, crawled over me, and started on my tits. My tits are small and sensitive and she knew it, so she clamped her teeth down hard enough to make me wince. While I protested, she slipped her fingers into me, first one, then two, then three. I tried to pull away, but she had me locked into her embrace by her arm around my waist and her teeth on my tit.

I couldn't 't believe it. Judy was working her fist into my cunt. I don't allow much in there—a tongue, maybe a couple of fingers. But I had never felt anything like this: a brilliant, sharp pain at the entrance, and as she slipped her knuckles past my lips, I felt a monstrously satisfying fullness, maybe even fulfillment, like I was a puzzle being completed, a machine with a missing part sliding into place.

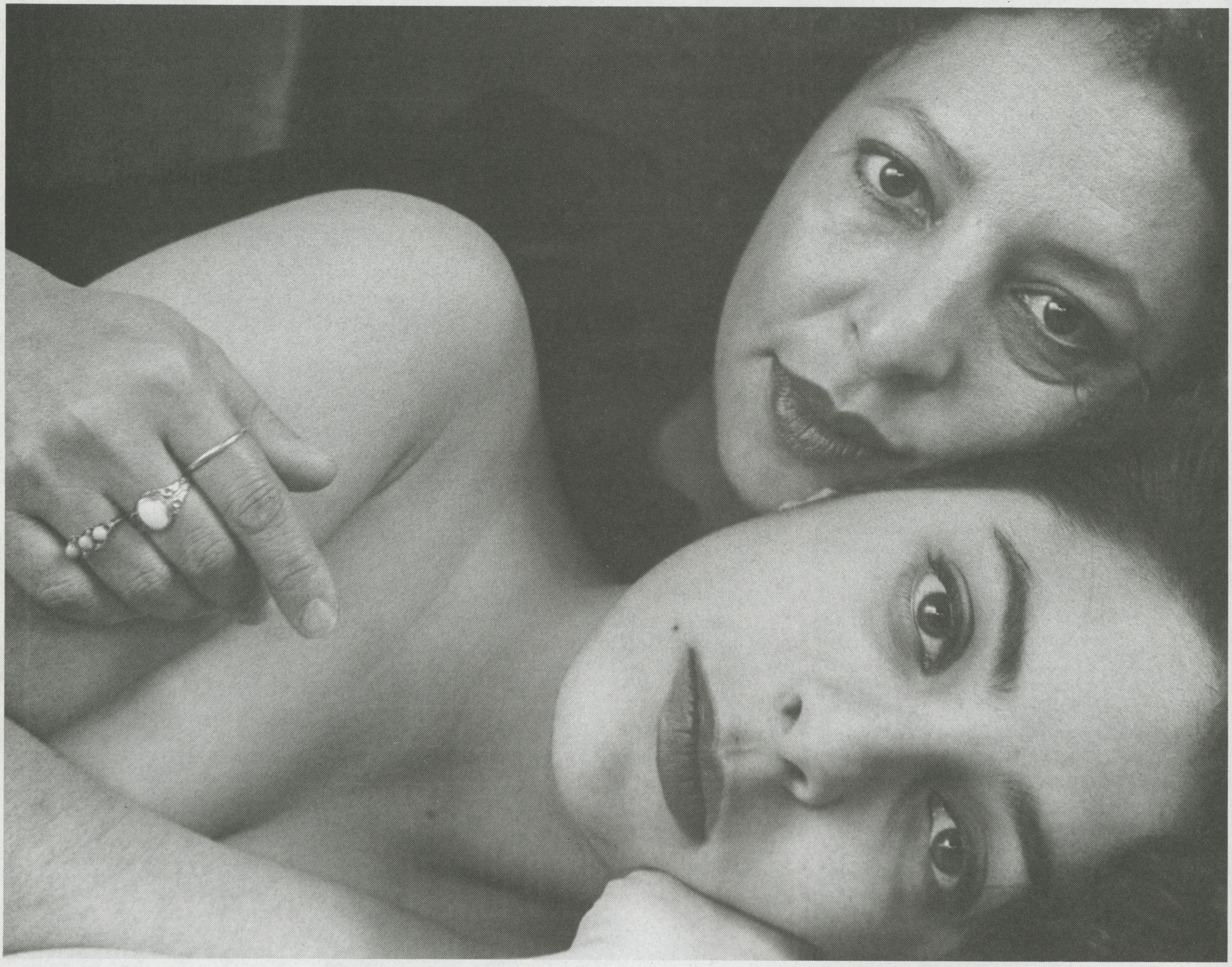
I grabbed my feet and hiked up my legs so she could penetrate me as deeply as possible. I gasped—I'll bet my eyes bulged—as her hand slipped in with a sigh up to the wrist. My cunt lips grabbed it and sucked it in until it lodged, from the feel of it, somewhere in my chest. She spread her fingers, and it felt like a blossoming flower inside me, like that slow motion photography in nature movies...like the fetus swelling in her belly.

My climax began deep within me, like a pinpoint, tiny and sharp. Judy was reaching for it, rooting around inside my body, trying to pull it out of me. Gradually, as she slipped her hand in and out of my cunt, my climax rose, like shock waves rising from the depths after an earthquake on the ocean floor. It magnified and intensified until it was ready to break the surface. Gasping and shuddering, I grabbed one of her tits with both hands and massaged it, forcing more sweet, sticky milk into my mouth. White liquid ran out of my mouth, into my eyes and all over my face as Judy, her free hand twisted in the short hair at the back of my head, forced my head back against her breast, nearly smothering me. I swallowed the wrong way and began to choke. Finally she grabbed hold of my climax and dragged it out of me. Long, brutal spasms nearly doubled me up. Again and again I came in waves, as Judy forced her

SARA ALETTI

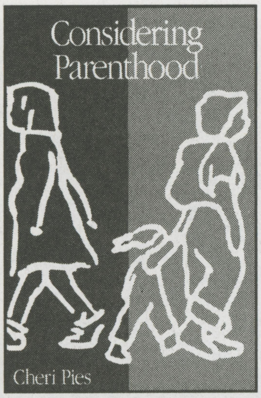
(continued on page 41)

Liz & Justine



Liz, a beautiful lesbian woman and her bisexual daughter, Justine. They love each other for who they are – "as whole people," Liz told us.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SABRINA BRENNAN



CONSIDERING PARENTHOOD

Cheri Pies

Spinsters

Pondering baby-making? Then Cheri Pies' *Considering Parenthood*, a manual "for lesbians thinking about becoming parents," is for you—especially if you're white, middle class, and comfortably ensconced in a sizeable lesbian community. Some sections of Pies' book will be useful to any prospective lesbian mom. The copious final chapter "Becoming a Parent," for example, runneth over with helpful tidbits about donor selection, alternative insemination, and legal protections. In my copy, I admit, these pages are downright dog-eared.

Yet most lesbians, for better or worse, don't have the leisure, the resources, or the desire to think twice—or a thousand times, as Pies would have it—about whether to have babies. It only *seems* paradoxical, then, that (as Pies tells us) a mere fifteen percent of the dykes who attend her ongoing support groups eventually decide to have kids. After endless exercises including questions such as "If you had only six months to live, what would you do?" *my* maternal urges felt seriously compromised. If I were going to die in six months, the first thing I'd do is escape to Mexico for a margarita and a fuck—preferably with someone other than my co-parent!

Speaking of sex, *Considering Parenthood* has little to say about the evil plague that visits so many homomamas: lesbian bed death. Sexuality is buried under the euphemistic heading "Intimate Relationships," and the chapter seems geared toward reminding couples of "all the non-sexual ways you can think of in which you achieve intimacy." Similarly, Pies leaves unchallenged the myth that parenthood precludes politics. Overall, the book offers strategies for accommodating, not fighting, the difficulties of lesbian parenthood.

—*Heather Findlay*

QUEER POSITIVE CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Various authors

Five years ago, you couldn't find a single book for kids of lesbian parents. Then Leslea Newman wrote the much acclaimed—and very controversial—*Heather Has Two Mommies* (Alyson Wonderland, 1989, ages 3-8). Newman's book describes Heather's lesbian parents and their decision to have a child, including a frank description of alternative insemination. It also addresses the question, "what constitutes a family?" by showing that many children do not live in the one-mother, one-father fantasy family at the core of most children's books.

HEATHER HAS TWO MOMMIES
WRITTEN BY LESLÉA NEWMAN
ILLUSTRATED BY DIANA SOUZA

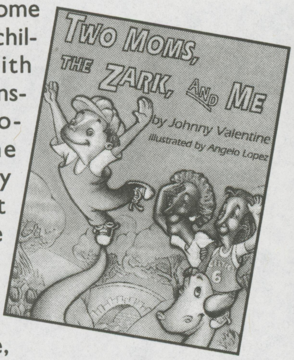
Since *Heather*, Newman has written three other children's books. *Gloria Goes to Gay Pride* (1991, ages 4-7) presents Gloria attending various Gay Pride celebrations with her mothers. *Belinda's Bouquet* (1991, ages 4-8) takes on fatphobia. *Saturday is Pattyday* (New Victoria, 1993, ages 3-8) provides a child's view of a "divorce" between his lesbian mothers.

These titles constitute important interventions in the heterosexist tradition of children's literature. Two major problems in these books, however, lie the illustrations. First, the families all appear to be white and middle-class. Even in background scenes, people of color are an exception rather than the rule. Second, the illustrations aren't as colorful and expressive as other children's books on the market. This is a problem because, like many adults, kids often pick up and read books because they are drawn to the pictures.

Alyson Wonderland's most recent release, *Two Moms, the Zark, and Me* (1993), is a Dr. Suess-style fable of a genderless child who gets lost in a zoo and has a run in with bigots, the McFinks. "Two moms?" exclaims McFink, "And no dads? I'm shocked! It's wrong! It's a sin! Not at all how I think! The only true family's a family like ours. With a mom, and a dad, and two kids, and two cars." The child is rescued from an evil fate by the Zark, a fabulous, friendly zoo creature. The lesson that families come in many shapes and sizes is presented again in *Two Moms*, but in this case the child plays an active role in defending her/his family (in other books the child must be reassured about having two moms). The illustrations are colorful and exciting, making the story all the more entertaining.

So, what's the bad part? Well, just that the author Johnny Valentine is a man—gay, it's true, but I can't figure out why all my favorite queer children's stories are all by men. While Newman's books are so serious, Valentine's seems downright fun.

With its combination of information and expressive illustrations, Michael Willhoite's *Uncle What-is-it is Coming to Visit!!* (Alyson Wonderland, 1993) is another prime example. Two children discover that their Uncle Brett is coming to visit. Their mother lets it slip that Brett is "gay," but gets sidetracked before explaining the term. As a result, some older kids fill the children's heads with images of scary transvestites and sadomasochists. The siblings are suddenly frightened of what their Uncle will be like. While Uncle Brett turns out to be neither of these, he does explain that some gay men are drag queens and leather men—and that's okay, too. *Uncle* also contains the word "lesbian," a word conspicuously absent from Newman's books.

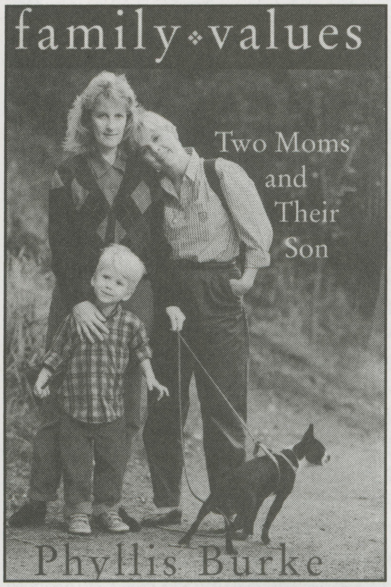


Why doesn't Newman use the word lesbian? Are lesbians really raising kids without explaining the terms we (and others) use to describe ourselves? Personally, I want my children to hear words like lesbian and dyke from me, so they wouldn't be ashamed, or think "lesbian" was a dirty word. If we don't introduce these words to our children, we leave it to others to define them. In effect, this means letting others define us and our sexuality.

I also think that the differences in these books comes down to s-e-x. Willhoite's book comfortably represents leather men, even though that clearly relates to a *sexual* practice. Newman, on the other hand, gives us a sterile vision of sex (e.g. the "artificial" insemination scene), and otherwise never shows us that these parents might be sexual beings, let alone "deviant" sexual beings.

Other books you might want to pick up are *A Boy's Best Friend*, by Joan Alden; *The Duke Who Outlawed Jelly Beans*, and *The Day They Put a Tax on Rainbows*, by Johnny Valentine, all available through Alyson Wonderland.

—*Suzy Minshall*



FAMILY VALUES: TWO MOMS AND THEIR SON

Phyllis Burke
Random House

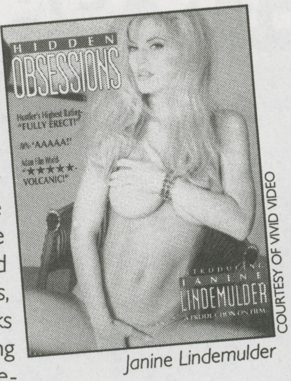
Family Values chronicles the period from 1987, when Burke's partner Cheryl picked a semen donor, to July of 1991, when Burke legally adopted their 3-year-old son. Despite the myth that lesbians turn into Stepford Moms upon delivery, Burke realizes that she must break out of her closet and face the world as the dyke that she is.

On the twelfth anniversary of the assassination of Harvey Milk, one month after she filed adoption papers in San Francisco Superior Court, Burke joins a memorial march for Milk. Partially to alleviate the anxiety of the adoption procedure, she becomes wrapped up in Queer Nation activities, attending meetings and demonstrating against the film *Basic Instinct*. She even interviews the film's screenwriter, Joe Eszterhas, and star, Michael Douglas.

As Burke tells her tale of the early 1990s, we are treated to historical flashbacks to1970s San Francisco. These asides provide crucial information, but can be confusing and disruptive of Burke's story.

While Burke's point may be that the personal is indeed political, *Family Values* doesn't give the reader much of a sense of the author's deep psyche. Burke's descriptions of public events and private moments with her son are touching. Yet, by book's end, her motivations are still unclear. Nonetheless, *Family Values* challenges the idea that motherhood leads to apoliticism and makes an important contribution to recent queer history.

—Katherine Gleason


HIDDEN OBSESSIONS
Hustler's Highest Rating: "FULLY ERECT!"
"AAAAA!"
★★★★★ VOLCANIC!
Introducing Janine Lindemulder
A PRODUCTION ON FILM

COURTESY OF VIVID VIDEO

Janine Lindemulder

COURTESY OF ULTIMATE VIDEO

I amvery anxious to tell you about the videos I've seen lately, and I will. But first, I *must* report on my trip to the Las Vegas Consumer Electronics Show. The CES is a twice yearly convention (of course, I like to go when it's in Sin City) attended by all kinds of manufacturers, buyers, and foreign big wigs—including folks from the porn industry. After scoping some high tech, out-of-my-price-range products, I grabbed my map, donned my tiara and headed for the "Adult" section of the convention.

All the major erotic film companies set up booths, where their stars signed autographs, flirted, and took pictures with their fans. I'm always delighted to find out how many off-the-clock dykes work in the porn industry, many of whom keep their personal lives concealed from the public so as to not interfere with their image. I networked heavily with these beautiful, intelligent women. It was a sacrifice, but for you, dear readers, I endured.

I had the opportunity, for example, to talk with the stunning Janine Lindemulder. Since 1987 Janine has appeared a number of times in *Penthouse*—often as centerfold. When I asked *how* many times, she said nonchalantly, "Oh, thirteen or fourteen." As for videos, Janine was in *The Coven* series by Vivid. I've seen Part Two, which was worth the rental, even though it was a bit polished for me. Lipstick and fingernails are O.K. to look at, but when I see these really *pretty* movies, I get the ache to see tangled hair, glistening sweat, animal growls—you know, real passion. *Hidden Obsession* by Ultimate Video, though, is one *hot* film. There's a very spicy scene with an ice dildo that Janine performs with her girlfriend—yes, her *real* girlfriend—Julia Anne. It's refreshing, so to speak, to watch this dildo slowly melt and drip down the bodies of these very genuine lovers.

If lesbian porn stars accumulated cult followings like gay male ones do, I think Janine would be a great candidate. She's very sensual, and she sees herself in the future to be "very committed to the lesbian lifestyle." To date, all of her films have been with women only, and she has no desire to do films with men anytime soon. Presently Janine and Julia Ann are touring the adult dancing circuit as "Blondage," a stage act with consensual bondage and sex scenes. I encourage you to rent her films, and to peruse the adult theater listings so you can catch one of her live shows. Then, introduce yourself. Maybe you too can become a Janine Lindemulder groupie.

Other hot items I cruised in Vegas: if you're looking for good places to take your lover, and you've exhausted your *Damron Guide* and your *Women's Traveler,* check out *Hot Spots*. This guide, according to co-author Ava Cadel, lists all kinds of sex and fetish related businesses throughout North America, including toy shops, adult bookstores, "fantasy" hotels, tattoo and piercing parlors. I flipped through, and although only a few of the listings are exclusively gay, many of them are gay friendly. *Hot Spots*, she says, is more "cutesy" than *Damron* because "Heterosexuals can't handle serious sex. You have to use humor." Couldn't have said it better myself.

While all the geeks at the CES were trying out their Gameboys, I was being happily introduced to a new "personal lubricant" on the market. The company that made Wet is now putting out Wet Light for us girls. No Nonoxynol-9, water-based, and it's very slick. It's amazing that lube manufacturers have catered mostly to men when these days all the women I know use lube. Lesbian invisibility strikes again!

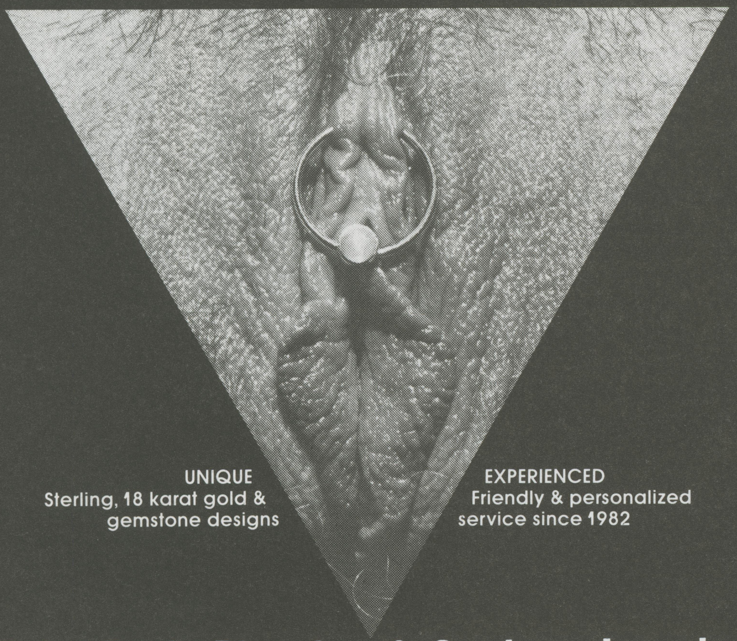
Thanks to my friend Strutt, a very sexy male impersonator, I rounded out my Vegas experience by judging a wet T-shirt contest at the lesbian bar Stepping Out. Perhaps because these sorts of contests are usually so sexist, the dykes in the audience seemed a little apprehensive. After a few beers, some rude butches even made snorting noises. But overall it was a supportive, fun crowd. The contestants, especially, were great sports.

Hot Spots is available through mail order for $9.95 + $2.00 P &H, mail payment information to
Hot Spots,
P.O. Box 3178
N. Hollywood, CA 91609.

BIG, WET, SULTRY KISSES...

MISS T., PRINCESS OF PORN

RAELYN GALLINA



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Kiri Kelly personally chose Alexis Payne to dominate her in this electrifying spanking video, which depicts an intense, progressively severe corporal punishment scene between two women who enjoy playing with each other on a serious level. We call this video **Hard Discipline**, because that's precisely what Kiri receives for daring to announce that she is about to leave Alexis. A variety of instruments are used to correct Kiri's attitude, including the hairbrush, paddle, razor strop, martinet and two different canes. You'll love Kiri face down on the bed in a leg spreader bar and cuffs, revealing all of her charms to the beautiful Alexis, who vows to mark her naughty pet for a month. This is a real spanking video, lubricated by a healthy dose of womanly flirtation. Kiri is touched, teased, held and held down by the devastating Alexis until she practically melts and so will you when you order **Hard Discipline** (Running time: 80 minutes) for $49.95 plus $3.00 for first class shipping to: Shadow Lane-OOB, P.O. Box 1910, Studio City, CA 91614-0910 or call us at (818) 985-9151 to order by MasterCard/Visa. Our exquisite 64 page spanking magazine, **Stand Corrected #11** is also available now for $12.95.Our recently updated, photo-illustrated spanking video catalog sent free with every order for a magazine or video.Questions? Don't hesitate to call us here at Shadow Lane!

(continued from page 22)

Both girls are healthy and mature, Moon says, but she acknowledges that being a leather dyke could present a problem with custody.

"I feel like how I behave sexually is my own business, but I guess it could be a problem."

Forget S/M, simply being a lesbian was definitely a problem for Minnie Bruce Pratt, author of the award winning *Crime Against Nature* and co-author of *Yours in Struggle: Three Feminist Perspectives on Anti-Semitism and Racism*. Pratt came out in the mid '70s in North Carolina. She was intensely isolated, there was no network of lesbian mothers, no history of fighting for custody of your children. Simply put, when she divorced her husband, Pratt had no hope of keeping custody of her two sons.

The sad part is, many parts of the country are as bad as North Carolina in the 1970s.

"There's been this organizing nationally [around lesbian custody cases], but the Sharon Bottoms outcome is no different," said Pratt. "The movement has made a difference, but it hasn't changed the outcome."

Pratt recounts an article from Nancy Polikoff, an American University professor who specializes in lesbian custody cases, which cites national surveys saying the highest level of tolerance for gays and lesbians is around employment. The lowest level, she says, is not surprisingly around parenting.

"What does it mean when the movement hasn't taken this on?" asks Pratt. "The right wing is organizing around adoption now. Alternative insemination is not protected from custody battles. I'm happy [that in] the lesbian community, women can choose to mother on their own terms. But the state can intervene in our lives if they want."

Pratt says she was so traumatized by her own custody loss—and the stigma attached to it—that it took 15 years to recover. It's also been difficult for her sons.

"I asked my oldest son, after he saw the film *In the Best Interests of the Children*, how it all affected him. He said, 'I don't think your being a lesbian affected me; your not being with me as a mother affected me.'"

One of the most difficult parts of being a lesbian mother is the invisibility you feel, says Pratt, inside the lesbian community. In the past couple of decades many lesbians have chosen to mother, but large numbers of lesbians, she specifies, have served as mothers by caretaking siblings' children, foster children, or biological children of ex-lovers.

"So many of us have mothered and the relationship ended and how do we sustain ties?" exclaims Pratt. "It's hard enough to sustain a lesbian relationship. When my children speak of my partner, what do they call her? They have no word, no language to express their caring for her."

For kids, not having a name for Mom's lover sometimes means it's difficult to forge a relationship with her at all.

"Put the cornbread in the oven for me, Jeff," hollers Lynette Spikes during our phone interview, in a Southern accent that is at once demure and masculine. She's a busy women, living in a small, rural town on the Southeast border of Louisiana. She has a 16-year-old son and a 12-year-old daughter from a previous marriage.

"My first lover and I both got married [to men] to prove we weren't gay," says Spikes. "[But] my husband was mentally abusive, physically abusive." So Spikes left him, went back to school, and supported her two children alone for nine years. Last year, after much therapy, she came out to her self and fell in love with a nurse, Sonny.

Spikes' kids' reaction to her new love, however, has not been entirely positive. They dislike Sonny, and Spikes, afraid of making things worse, hasn't told them that she and Sonny are lovers. Her daughter is often belligerent and stone-faced when her lover visits. Her son Jeff recently was arrested for criminal trespassing and has had to spend a good deal of time in teen court. Jeff claims his problems stem from Spikes' "friendship" with Sonny. As a result, Spikes is angry and feels pressure from her children, parents and her lover.

"I want to run away from home," says Spikes, with a sigh. "I have put my emotional well-being on a shelf for nine years for my kids. I have been alone for nine years."

The economy, adds Spikes, doesn't help. In Louisiana, unemployment and poverty are widespread. Racial tension is high and fundamentalist religion still rule this area called the Bible Belt. Constraints like this have their impact on one's sex life: "I'd make an extra $6,000 a year just by crossing the Sabine River [into Texas]. We've got no money. We can't just get a motel room and make love."

Paradoxically, Spikes is very open with her children about het sex ("I bought my son condoms and said 'Look boy, I can't afford no grandkid and I don't want one'")—she just wishes she could be open about being gay.

"I know it's awful to say, but I need a break. In five years my kids will be gone...maybe Sonny and I can find a church in Ft. Worth [Texas] where it won't matter that we're gay."

In the meantime, Spikes has made a good friend out of the counselor—another lesbian mom—who helped her come out to herself. But she still feels like she's trying to keep her head above water. Spikes is fighting battles on all sides—even with her kids—and not getting the romance she needs only increases the stress.

For Lani Kaahumanu, though, coming out was one of the best things that ever happened to her relationship with her 6-year-old daughter.

When Kaahumanu came out as a lesbian she wanted to ride down the street in her San Mateo, California neighborhood on the back of a motorcycle, waving an "I'm a lesbian" banner. "I'd do some things differently

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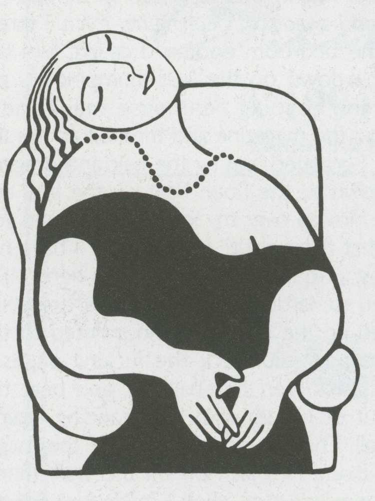

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(continued from page 9)

my room when I was supposed to. I'm in there now and I swear I'm cleaning my room. I threw open his bedroom door and caught him laying face down on the bed, humping his pillows and reading *Penthouse* magazine. I grabbed the magazine and threw it across the room. I grabbed him by the hair and dragged him down to the floor. I sat on the bed and pulled him up over my knee. 'How could you read that filthy smut?' I asked him. 'I have not raised you to be a pervert. Get up here. Why are you so hard? What is it, is it the breasts?' I opened up the magazine and pointed to the breasts and said, 'Lick the fucking pages.' I grabbed his Nerf baseball bat, and beat the shit out of his ass with him standing against the wall. Then I read to him from the magazine. I made him jack off on the wall, then I made him lick it off, then I made him lick my boots. Then I gave him a very tender bath and told him he was a sweet boy. I told him to make me a cup of coffee, he went in and made me a cup of coffee. I told him, 'I want you in bed by 8:00 o'clock, I want the lights out, I want all your homework done, I want you to call me in 20 minutes.' And he did."

In another scene she was flogging a woman at a play party. "I was fucking wailing on this woman and I couldn't get her to cry—she had told me in negotiation that she needed to cry, not to bleed, to cry—and she bit me. So I grabbed her by the hair and had two other people chain her hands to her feet in a fetal position. 'You wanna act like a goddamn animal?' I said. 'I'm gonna treat you like an animal.' I beat the shit out of her. Finally she curled up in a little ball and started weeping, it was primal, she was somewhere else. I got down on the floor with her. I unbuttoned the top three buttons on my dress and had somebody unlock her shackles. 'How old are you right now?' I asked. 'I'm a tiny baby girl,' she said. 'Mommy is very sorry that you're crying,' I said, 'and I wanna make you feel all better. Come here and crawl into my lap.' I held her hair and pulled down one side of my dress. 'I know you're very hungry,' I said, 'and now it's time to eat,' and she started suckling on my breast. I was petting her hair and singing Rock-A-Bye-Baby. Then I got to the end of Rock-A-Bye-Baby and I started spanking her while she was eating. It was fucking wonderful."

Tina and Jo's final duty as Dyke Mommy and Daddy 1994 will be to produce the 1995 Dyke Mommy/Dyke Daddy contest, where Tina will pass her title on to her successor. That doesn' t mean she'll stop being Mommy. "It will always be with me, it will just be a more private thing. There's something about seeing somebody suspended from the ceiling, with beautiful purple marks all over their body and a smile on their face, that will never die for me. I'll probably be 80 years old, in a wheelchair, with somebody at my feet." ❖

(continued from page 15)

by the gigantic changes in my lifestyle that getting pregnant and having a baby would entail.

So by the time Mary told me that a climax or two would help, it only made me more tense. And there I was without my vibrator, Mama's pacifier! Mary, Susan and I went into the bedroom, where they tried to coddle me, and Joseph took a trip to the bathroom with the mason jar. He was so juiced up, it took him about two seconds, and he delivered a considerable load. Mary closed the door, put the sperm in a nice warm spot on the window sill, and then she and Susan (who had set up the video camera on a tripod) went about helping me get off.

I could *not* come. Susan licked my muff, Mary fisted me as delicately as possible—I even indulged in some delicious voyeurism as the two of them did their thing. Finally, we gave up. Anticlimactically, Mary sucked the sperm up into the turkey baster and administered it right on, not in, my cervix (the opening of your cervix is supposed to be loose and open, but not actually penetrated). As it turned out, the most enjoyable moments came afterward. The five of us reunited on the bed, and my friends comforted me as I lay on my back with my feet propped up against the wall so the sperm wouldn't seep out.

Luckily, I planned to inseminate twice during my fertility period, so the next evening the whole group met again for an insemination dinner party. This time we conducted ourselves like pros. I was much less nervous, and equipped with my trusty old Oster "personal massage kit." Mary, Susan and I rolled around in the bedroom, and several orgasms were had by all before Joseph knocked on the door with his creamy gift. The only difficulty I experienced was trying to eat my dinner upside down. But I was so content lying there with my feet above my head, thinking about those little spermies swimming toward their happy goal, I couldn't have cared less.

The whole adventure was so much fun that, when my period arrived two weeks later, I was disappointed, but not devastated. Statistically, it would have been a miracle if it worked the first time. Besides, I had an expert team of erotic inseminators that I could now mobilize at a moment's notice. And maybe next time Beth can take part in the festivities. At this point, we're simply waiting for the right window to open up in our professional lives, so we can have another insemination gala.

As for the video Susan made of our first attempt, it turned out to be embarassingly bad. I looked horrible, and the sex was forced and boring. More proof, I smiled to myself, that the key to hot pornography is a group of relaxed, experienced actresses—and maybe the promise of good friendship and a home-cooked meal afterwards. ❖

(continued from page 31)

arm deeper and deeper inside me. I couldn't breathe. It was like she had hold of my lungs, squeezing the air out of them.

When Judy finally pulled her hand out of my cunt, I felt cold and empty.

She rose, waddled over to my bag, and pulled out my dick. She examined it, smiling, then slid it in and out of her mouth, its harness trailing like ribbons.

"Mmm," she said, "I can't remember how many times I've sucked on him."

She stepped into the harness and strapped it around her waist. I watched her in mounting alarm, the hanging dick threatening me. I closed my legs and shook my head.

"I don't know about this..." I whined. "I don't...I can't..."

But I was powerless. She easily spread my legs and positioned my dick over my own cunt. I was so wet and open, she just leaned in to fill me. It surprised me how easy it was. She held me by the ankles, putting my toes in her mouth as she began to pump me, gently at first, then with increasing speed and force. The rhythm lulled me and I just closed my eyes, lay back, and welcomed a series of brilliant climaxes that seemed to go on forever.

I fell asleep in her arms, licking at the milk dripping from her nipples.

That morning, the sun rose and slipped over the sill. I stumbled over to the window, raised it and leaned out to breathe in the morning air. It was late Spring, and even in this brick bound city, the air smelled of flowers and grass.

I thought back over last night. Fucked with my own dildo. Fisted by my femme. There might be some philosophical, yin yang thing about switching, but I wasn't so sure I liked it. I wasn't about to start wearing cute dresses and saying yessir-nossir to dykes, not when I was used to giving the orders.

"I'm a top gun," I said to myself, mentally mixing metaphors, "not a bottom feeder." Yet here was my former femme, when she should have been at her most vulnerable, demanding I suck her dry and sticking her fist up my cunt.

I heard Judy stir behind me. I turned to see her. She made such a big lump it looked like there was somebody under the covers with her—which, in a sense, there was. As she stretched, the covers slid off, revealing her bloated breasts and tootsie roll nipples. I felt a twinge in my cunt as I remembered sucking them dry last night, and I wondered if she'd be ready for milking again.

"Come here," she said. "Look at the sun, Kathy. It's reached the foot of the bed." The tips of her toes were so brightly lit they glowed like the Madonna's fingers in a painting.

"Start there," she said, wiggling her sweet toes in anticipation of my tongue.

"And follow the sun."

I did. ❖

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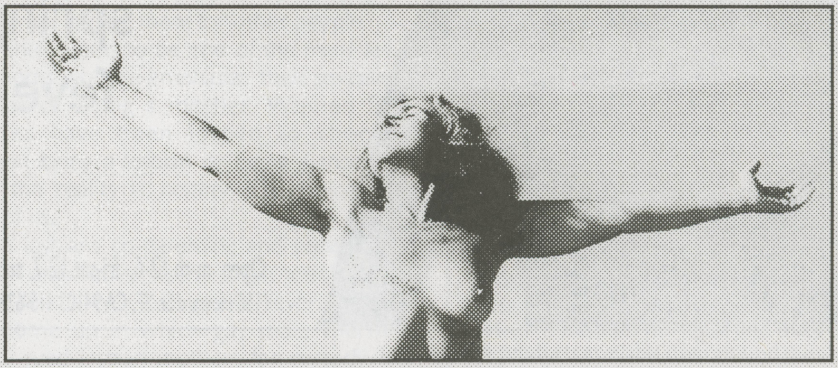

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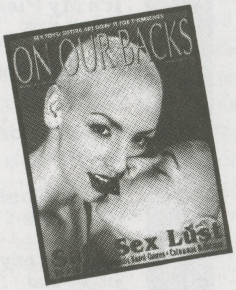

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this time," says Kaahumanu, the co-editor of *Bi Any Other Name*. "I had no clue about bisexuality then. Not to mention I had wonderful sex with my husband for eleven years. I was really involved in the women's community, not the Elton John/David Bowie scene."

Kaahumanu says that she was always open with her kids about sex and sexuality, but coming out didn't hurt. "I was raised Catholic, I had no access to information." When Kaahumanu lost her virginity, "I was in the front of a '52 Chevy. I still can't say the word 'sex' to *my* mom."

So things were different when her kid asked about the birds and the bees. "If anything I overdid my answers," says Kaahumanu. "My daughter called me when she was 15. She had a boyfriend and was ready to have sex. We laid in bed for a day and massaged each other and talked about sex. She said, 'I can't believe I'm talking to my mom about this.'" Kaahumanu took her daughter to get a diaphragm and loaned her the house for the evening, so she and her boyfriend weren't interrupted.

If you're wishing your parents were that hip about your sexuality, you might want to refer them to Lori Goldwyn, a San Francisco childbirth/labor support specialist for straight and lesbian couples. Goldwyn, a lesbian mom herself, says raising her daughter without shame is her goal. "If you are honest with kids, if you come out when they are very young, there's no shame. She says the words, she knows the stereotypes and about homophobia. It's a challenge to not put life on hold till they are 18. I'm way more open, sophisticated. I'm an overtly sexual person. I'm pushing the edge on that and my daughter will benefit."

This single mother has had a few close calls, though. "I came out when she was 4. She was hypersexual for a while—playing doctor with her friends all the time. The other parents were kind of like 'What are you doing to her?'" recalls Goldwyn. "I think she was just reflecting my energy, but people thought she was molested. Once she found a dildo in the sink and I told her that's a toy grownups use for sex. I try not to be embarrassed or make her embarrassed."

Goldwyn had the advantage of beginning at the beginning when it came to her daughter's sexual education. But, as Pratt reminded me, many lesbians become moms much later in their kids' lives. For Ann Heron, an Oakland, California writer and co-author of *How Would You Feel if Your Dad Were Gay?*, becoming a third parent is a slow process. She has spent nine years raising her partner's children from a previous marriage.

"For a while I paid for all the fun things, the good stuff," Heron says. "So that really helped." Now, she reports, "they see me as a third parent."

Heron believes that beyond two or three years of age, the non-biological parent has to work her way into the family, and respect the kids' "space."

"[My lover and I] didn't live together for five years. I moved in very slowly. They were totally ready for it." Referring to the stereotype of the "U-Haul lesbians" who move in after the first date, Heron says, "I can see where that could be a problem. If you move into the kids' space, it's not good for anyone."

The most important lesson Heron learned from her years of mothering is that "you have to build a separate relationship with the child. They were here first." Sometimes, she adds, this means not being affectionate with your lover in front of the children. "Be however you want to be when you're alone, but don't impose when it's their space. Kids aren't just being a pain in the butt when they have trouble with that stuff."

I had to wonder if Heron was being so cautions about sex because she's in danger of being demoted from third parent to "third wheel." But then I recalled Spikes, and all the resentment in that lonely Louisiana household. Perhaps delicacy—on all sides— is the best policy in some cases.

Some moms I talked to, especially those who are dealing with the triple whammies of sexism, homophobia, and racism, were less than willing to call attention to their unconventional parenting styles.

With her debut album, *Plantation Lullabies*, Me'Shell NdegeOcello became the first woman—never mind black lesbian mom—to be signed by Madonna's Maverick record label. After a difficult year as a struggling musician, Me'Shell had just decided to quit music altogether and become a barber, in part so she could support her 4-year-old son Askia. "I just wanted to forget about it, become a barber and take care of my child."

But then Me'Shell got Madonna's offer. Now, being in the limelight makes Me'Shell a little reticent.

"All of the sudden it's cool to have lesbian friends or to have a lesbian look, and that's such utter bullshit. I mean, I live this life, and I've been beat up in the subways. I go to work, I come home and take care of my child. It's not all that glamorous.

"I don't have time for a lover. I love being by myself," she says. "I have a child. That's where my focus is. It's hard to be caring and considerate and be there for other people."

Me'Shell seems to be one of the many lesbian moms who de-emphasize their sexuality in favor of being a mother. Women for decades have been forced to choose between being a lesbian or being a mom—when the reality is, *neither* is a choice for many of us.

Even lesbians co-parenting and conceiving through alternative insemination aren't protected. In the past two years, several cases have come up in which gay male sperm-donors sued lesbian mothers for custody. In the majority of these cases, the gay men have won.

"Judges are desperate to make sure that every kid has a father," Hendrickson told the *Advocate*. "If they have a warm body that says 'I'll be the dad,' they'll grab it. They do not think kids need two moms."

Pratt and Polikoff hit the core of the problem when they asked why the gay and lesbian movement hasn't taken this on. With possibly six million lesbian biological parents, can we afford to ignore the immediacy of the need for legal protection? When I look over the agendas of nearly every national lesbian and gay organization, I feel incredibly betrayed. Despite what we've been told, parenting and child custody *are* issues for the queer nation.

I admire lesbians who are raising children in places where it's not that easy. But the answer to the question "sex and motherhood: can we have it all?" still seems to be "In two states, yes; in forty-eight, no." ❖

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Incredibly feminine 23 yr old finding it difficult to plan a relatively brief yet thorough description of herself. This very attractive, opinionated lesbian is looking for someone between 21-28 yrs of age who enjoys music, the outdoors, intellectually stimulating conversation and who shares the opinion that a mere paragraph is not an adequate description of a person. If you are a confident woman residing in the Portland area or a neighboring state-I'm a California native!- and are capable of building a solid friendship...WRITE!! -949

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Style ex-hippie who is artistic, sensible, Mid-Western values, professional, bookwormish to enjoy an upper-middle class lifestyle minus the glamour- plus the Birkenstocks and Levis (or skirts). ME: ultra-professional, very financially secure, extremely cute, earthy, grounded. ☎ 1361

LOOKING FOR WIFE, PART 2

GBF still seeks wife. I live within the country and am seeking someone between 5'1 and 5'4 with hair at least to the shoulders. No heavy drugs and no bi's. Call Sxy Self #1364

WINDY CITY ROMANCE ANYONE?

My stuff: 29 yrs., sensitive, shy, honest, butch. Into tatoos, piercing, packin', long walks and drives, movies, candles, good music and leather.

Your stuff: Be between 25-40 yrs., open minded, strong willed, romantic, animal loving, honest woman. Send photo. #956

TRAVEL/CORRESPONDENCE

PENSISTERS WANTED-BE YOURSELF

Mid 20's, attractive, liberal, feminine, stable, working musician in search of sincere, mature, intelligent, uninhibited females to write to. Age, race, sexual orientation, location, or what you're into unimportant- just write! Friendship only. Dependable writer, response guaranteed. - 1176

BUTCH LOOKING FEM

WLC 40s. The butch-looking fem is seeking women to dominate her (no pain, though). The butch/fem is just looking for non-kinky sex. Smoke, drink, smoke. Midway between Chicago and the Twin Cities. 15 miles from I-90-94. Weekends are best. #951

WISHING YOU WERE HERE

21 years old, 5'8". Short brown hair and green eyes. I love to watch sunsets, moonlight walks, black silk, a little wine and some chocolate all over your warm, soft, naked body. Let me lick you all over. I'm very romantic and completely monogamous. No drugs! Other interests are sports, nature, weightlifting, drawing, music, movies, reading and traveling. #958

GEMINI, SAG. RISING, PISCES MOON

24, somewhat of a novice, desires correspondence with lesbian/bi women everywhere. I'm into astrology, ethnic food, tv/movies, dancing, foreign cultures, music (60's, blues, reggae, etc.), joyously contemplating the miracle of the universe, laughing. Write soon-hungry for friendship. #957

SEEKS PENPALS

Young Asian-American, 23, new to gay scene, seeks friendship with others to share thoughts, ideas and interests. #959

CANADIAN SNOW GIRL

You can still excite me with the sound of your voice. Unfortunately I don't hear it nearly enough! Glad you found a new home. Make it warm so when I come visit I won't turn to ice!

MARNIE, WHERE'D YOU GO?

I'm under my desk....curled up, outa breath, sweatin', squirmin, screamin', "Marnie"! Stuck till you come get me, *gorgeous.*

MY LITTLE PUNJBE DOLL

Hot Jew suckin around, my jasmine honey...

BUTCH/FEMME

SHY BUT SEXY FEMME

seeks butch to adore by correspondence and occasional escapades. I am 5'7, 130 lbs, 30 years old, with blond hair and hungry blue eyes. - 946

BEAUTIFUL, BLUE-EYED, BLOND BUTCH

5'7, 145 lbs, 40, into working out, professional. I'm a mix between a Mercedes and a Harley/a Guppy and a James Dean Rebel! If you are Femme, pretty, soft, sexy, with a sense of humor, you should write to me this moment! Northampton, MA and Miami, FL a real plus, but will answer all. No androgynies, please. Caliente Latinal in Miami-Yes! - 943

ARE YOU OUT THERE?

23 yr. old, wht, Butch/Femme, seeking the woman to make me full. If you like romantic walks on the beach, a night of tender loving, or just need someone to talk to, write me. Penpals also welcome. ☎1402

"S/M" ACTIVITIES

SHOW ME HOW

I'm 31 GWF, from Philadelphia area, butch, 190 lbs, 5'2, shy but want to explore B/D with the right person. Need a femme to show me how. Help me live my fantasy of straping it on for you. Clean and sober only, please. Send photo. - 945

INTELLIGENT, TENDER, SWITCHABLE BOTTOM

seeks top with brain, heart and whip. Sans whip? May substitute cane, crop, bare hand or sound scolding. Me? 36, plentifully built, into Brahms and Beatles, Shakespeare and Spy, Broadway and Batman. My dogs live inside. No smokers. Long letters appreciated. - 944

HOUSEHOLD SLAVE GIRL WANTED

Lesbian couple desires woman into service. Applicant must perform tasks - household chores, massage, boot shining... Additionally, she would receive loving, yet serious domination. Applicant is sane, responsible and loyal- sense of humor a plus. We are caring and sensitive and think John Preston is near God. NYC Location. ☎ 1065

WORLDWIDE SLAVE SEARCH

Wealthy young heiress seeks whipping boy or girl willing to be trained by professional dominatrix or master to serve my wildest sensual desires. Obedient nature much more important that looks or circumstance. Will consider only those responding with sase. K. Johannson, P.O. Box 7466, West Columbia, SC 29171.

DYKE DADDY WANTED

by "the most beautiful boy in the world," 5-8, 150, bleached blond flattop, devoted son, needs Daddy's guidance, his firm but loving hand. Out of role, I'm 35 y.o., dyke, college prof. Other games, especially gender play, OK. Intelligent, L.A. area only. ☎ 1068

SEEKING CORRESPONDENCE

GWF, 31, very feminine blond submissive, seeks correspondence with dominant women, other submissives. Meeting possible with right women, can travel for weekends, vacations. Interests: B & D, mild S & M. Promise frank, explicit letters, maybe more if compatible. No money involved. Will answer all. #954

HOT TRAMP

Hey babe, your hair's alright. Tore your dress... your face is a mess... love your dress.

BULLETIN BOARD

LESBIAN PARENTS

Gay and Lesbian Parents Coalition International 15th Annual Conference, Family Values, in New York City, June 24-25, 1994. For more info contact: GLPCI, P.O.B. 50360, Washington, D.C. 20091 (202)583-8029

SEEKING ABUSE SURVIVORS

Tina Wilson, Box K-1130, Knox, Galesburg, IL 61401, would like to hear from adult female survivors of child abuse (emotional, physical or sexual), for anthology of writings by and for women.

LESBIAN EROTIC ANTHOLOGY

From the single lesbian to the married bi sex radical, to the soft butch with brains to every woman who has ever wanted (to fuck) a woman—we want your submissions. The hard and fast-one story at a time, up to 5000 words. Up to 6 poems. Send sase to Anthology, P.O. Box 440478, Sommerville, MA 02144. Deadline June 1.

***DOOMED* RABBIT SEEKS RECIPES**

Seattle's Leather community is assembling a collection of recipes for cookbook *Doomed Rabbit*, that will benefit Washington Citizen's for Fairness. Several food categories are open, as well as a "accoutrements" category for after dinner recipes (massage oil, etc.) For more info on how to submit recipes or help stamp out bigotry in Washington, send an SASE to The Cook Book Project, 1202 East Pike Street #565, Seattle, WA 98122-3934

LESBIAN AIDS PROJECT NEWSLETTER

is calling for submissions (300-500 words) of letters, memoirs, articles, essays, poetry or papers concerning your lives and experiences as HIV-positive lesbians, bisexual women and other women who partner with women. Send to: Lesbian AIDS Project, Gay Mens Health Crisis, 129 West 20th St, 4th Floor, New York, NY 10011.

SPINSTERS SEEKS MANUSCRIPTS

Spinsters Ink is currently seeking full-length novels and non-fiction works that deal with significant issues in women's lives from a feminist perspective. For guidelines contact Spinsters at P.O. Box 300170, Minneapolis, MN 55403-5170 (612)377-0287

LESBIAN BELLYDANCERS

Anyone knowing of where to get good bellydance videos, costumes, books, etc., please call. I would super appreciate it! ☎ 1111

SEEKING MONTANA COMPANIONS

Adventurous W/F seeking bi or lesbian companions for skiing, movies, dining out, and sensual pleasures in Western Montana. #955

MISTRESS CATHRYN

Please call or write On Our Backs immediately regarding your advertisement.

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For an anthology of lesbian erotic fiction: sensual / sexual stories, essays, and commentaries wanted. Deadline: March 1, 1994

Send with SASE to: Tee A. Corinne
POB 278 Wolf Creek, OR 97497

Stories are especially encouraged which reflect real-life situations or tell about learning to be sexual with women.

ALEX

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TRANSEXUAL/BISEXUAL

BI FEMME SEEKS SAME

Attractive femme bi girl looking for same, for friendship, fun, giving and receiving massages, photo sessions, girl watching, lingerie and more. Dallas-Ft. Worth area. Send picture with letter. #953

LOOKING FOR UNLIMITED KINKINESS

Chinese BI-F, 25, slender 5'6", 105 lb., educated, married, 2 children, seeking Bi-F who desires honest gentle sharing, friendship leading to absolute love, committment, permanence as family member with me and exceptional husband. Unlimited kinkiness, passion, love, pregnancies, family together. ☎1270

LESBIAN TRANSSEXUAL

Attractive petite pre-op transsexual looking for that special someone for play and/or relationship. I have been living as a woman half of my life with hormonal breasts. I enjoy dancing, movies, S/M, B/D, reading, and long walks.☎252

DEB

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BUB!

D—been rubbin my buhdda's....blowin' my dinasaur's..... playin' my new accordian. Lotsa fun, beautiful...Come out and play! —B

PUBLICATIONS

MIGHT MAGAZINE

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NORTHWEST LESBIANS

The LCR Community News is the Northwest's only lesbian paper. News, features, commentary, events. Published monthly by the Lesbian Resource Center. $15/yr. 1208 E. Pine, Seattle, WA 98122.

SORORITY MAGAZINE

Published for and about gay women. Sorority is a 96 page quarterly packed with articles, profiles, fiction, photos, cartoons, reviews, and more! One year/4 issues $24.95. Current issue/$5.95. US Funds. Money orders only. SM, 1170 Bay Street, Suite 110, Toronto, Ontario M5S 2B4, Canada.

SUBNORMAL

The only music magazine promoting Homosexuality, Cross Dressing, Legalized Prostitution, Consensual Bondage & Discipline, and every other freedom imaginable that now exists. Issue #6, interviews with SHADOW PROJECT, and much more! 64 pages/$3. Subnormal, PO Box 602, Normal, IL 61761.

MORE PUBLICATIONS

BAD ATTITUDE

It's 48 pages of lesbian lust with an emphasis on SM and BD. Hot photos, articles, reviews and sizzling fiction. This magazine is banned in England and Canada and is highly controversial. 4-6 issues/year. BA, PO Box 390110, Cambridge, MA 02139.

ETCETERA MAGAZINE

Visiting Atlanta and/or the southeast? Let Etcetera Magazine, the south's premier lesbian & gay publication, show you the way. Weekly features include "Dyke About", "Homoculture", plus a whole lot more! Send $2 for 1 issue to EM, PO Box 8916, Atlanta GA 30306.

HOT WIRE

HOT WIRE: The Journal of Women's Music and Culture. Devoted to women-identified music, comedy, theater, film/video, festivals, more. Each 64 page issue includes a stereo recording. $17/US, $19/Canada. HW, 5210 N. Wayne, Chicago, IL 60640. (312) 769-9009. Fax: (312) 728-7002

LAMBDA BOOK REPORT

Like to be on top? Learn about every new lesbian and gay book in each new issue of Lambda Book Report, $19.95/yr (6 issues). $3.95 sample to: LBR, 1625 Connecticut Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20009. (800) 621-6969.

METROLINE

New England's longest publishing lesbian & gay news and features magazine offers provocative interviews including Annie Sprinkle, Sandra Bernhard, and Dorothy Allison. Also: calendar, expanded arts section, news, horoscopes, personals and more. Subscribe $45 /26 issues. Send CK/MO to: 495 Farmington Ave., Hartford, CT 06105. (800) 678-7944.

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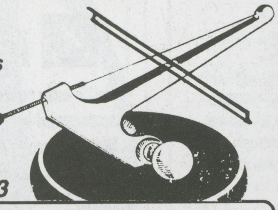

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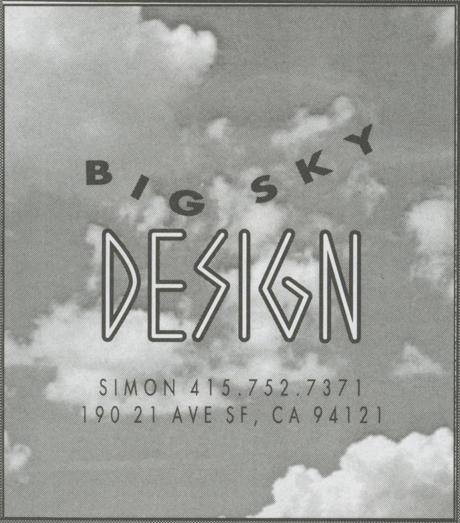

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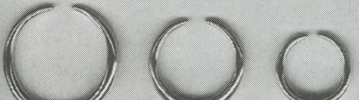

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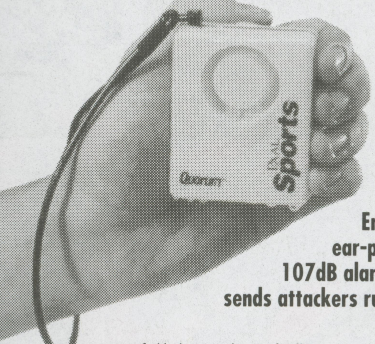

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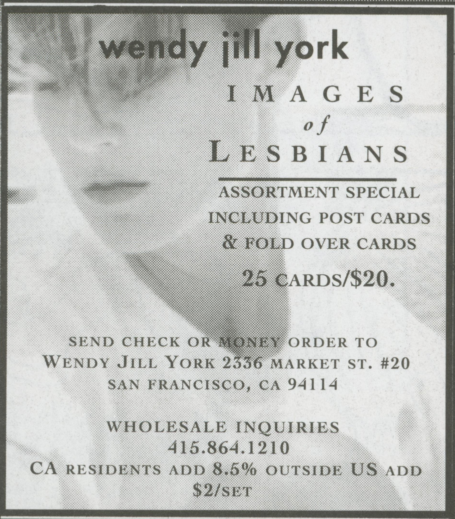

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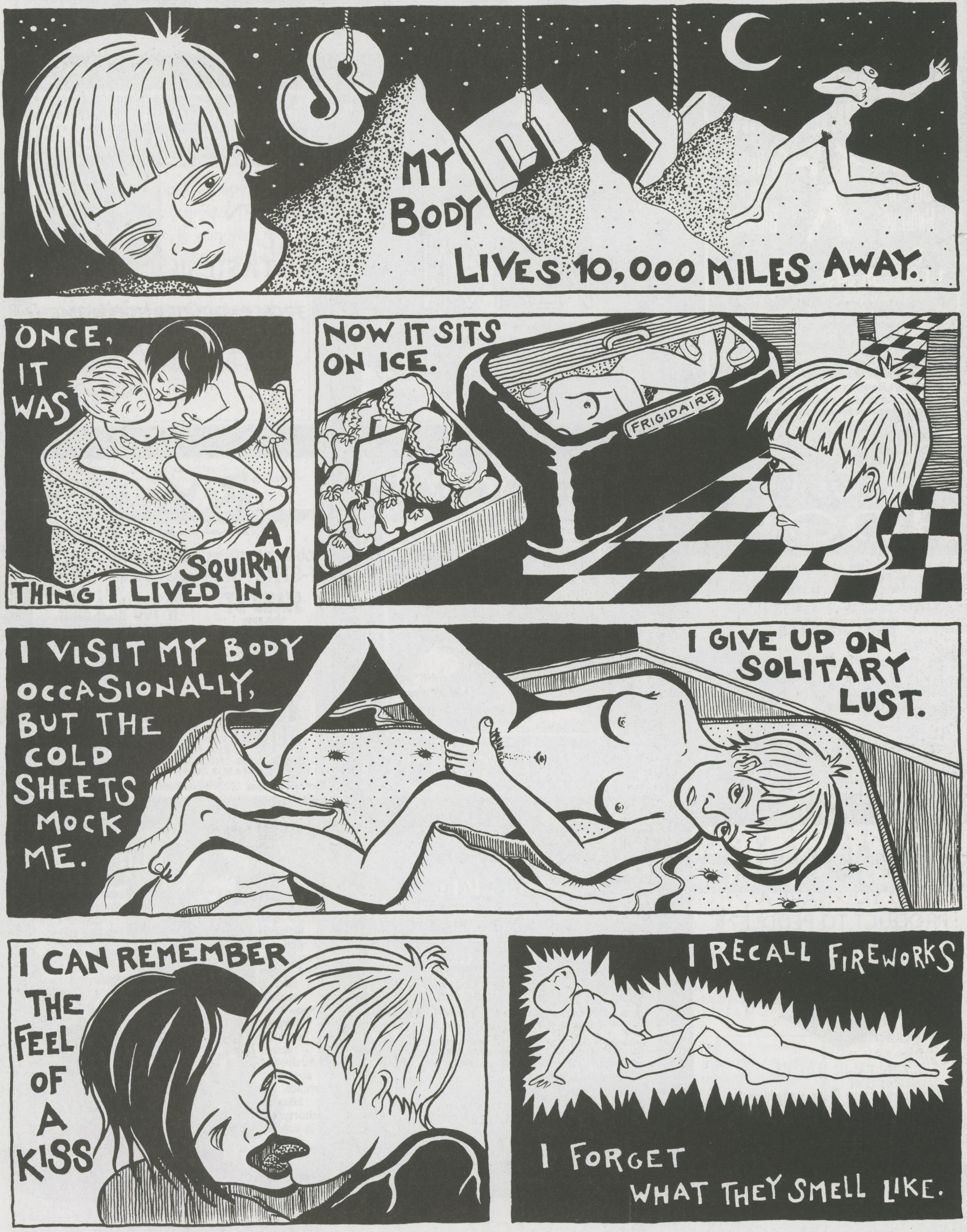
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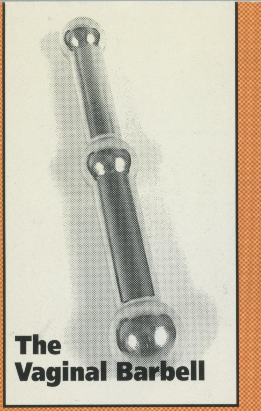

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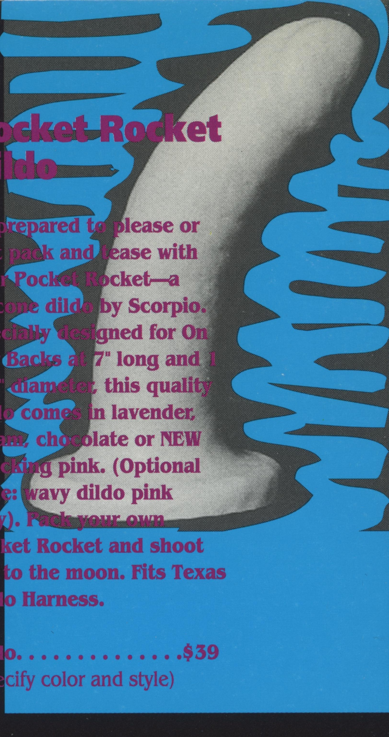

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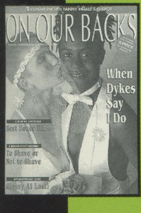

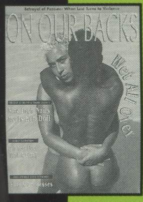

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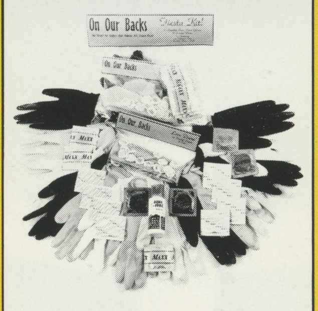

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